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NEW STATESMAN

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NEW STATESMAN

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A question of trust

ON THURSDAY 31 JANUARY, just after the NEW STATESMAN broke open the phone-tapping scandal, the former Home Secretary Merlyn Rees – now an aspirant for the Labour leadership – gave an interview to Robin Day on *The World At One*.

In bold, authoritative tones he assured the listening public that telephone surveillance in Britain was firmly under democratic control. Nobody, he suggested, should be troubled by what was appearing in the newspapers. Every phone-tap, he said, was authorised by the Home Secretary, and every Home Secretary, like Rees himself, treated the matter with extreme gravity.

> It's something that I took very close unto myself, because I believe this: that in this country it is the judgment of the Home Secretary. Do people trust the Home Secretary?

The question was asked purely rhetorically: the sweep of Mr Rees' argument assumed such trust to be self-evident. 'And while that is the case,' he continued

> we can maintain the present system, whereby we haven't got a statutory arrangement.

It may be that people have trusted Home Secretaries in the past, and it is even conceivable that such trust has been justified. It would be highly regrettable if the public were to extend it to Merlyn Rees.

Later in the interview, Robin Day asked Mr Rees a crucial question about the *extent* of telephone-tapping, and the exchange requires verbatim examination:

> Q: I know you can't give numbers, Mr Rees, but how many Home Secretary's warrants would be given in a year? Tens? Hundreds? Thousands?
> A: Well, certainly not thousands. Certainly not hundreds. And – fresh ones is what we're talking about, and a number go off. No, It's certainly not in the thousands ...

Any citizen listening in good faith would have taken this as a forthright denial of one of the central points in the NEW STATESMAN article: namely, that several thousand people are telephone-tapped each year. Indeed, most listeners will have taken it for an assurance that the level is something below 200 – as the Birkett Report suggested in 1957.

As Mr Rees has some acquaintance with the facts, and as Privy Councillors are expected to weigh their words with care, it must be presumed that Rees intended to convey such an impression. And without doubt, he must know that impression to be untrue.

To be plain about it, Rees has not hesitated to tell certain journalists *in private* that some two to three thousand people will be tapped over the course of a year, and that 250 to 400 warrants may be in existence at any one time. Our evidence for this is beyond doubt. We challenge Mr Rees to deny it.

As a matter of fact, we do not accept that figure either, since other channels of authorisation are frequently used. But our primary concern here is not the extent of telephone-tapping, but the extent of the divergence between the two faces of this politician who regards 'trust' as a word to conjure with.

THE MECHANICS of disinformation are not very complicated, and a transcription of *The World At One* shows where they came into play. To backtrack slightly:

> It's certainly not in the thousands. But there's a difficulty there, Robin – that what one needs to do *is every so often have a Birkett-style inquiry, then I think the numbers can be given.*

The italics mark the point at which Mr Rees retired into his waffle-screen. There is indeed 'a difficulty', which is that what one needs to do is realise that several 'targets' can be dealt with under a single warrant, and usually are. Confronted in private by sceptical and well-informed journalists, Mr Rees has made no bones about confessing as much.

We are not saying this for the sake of being rude about Merlyn Rees, nor because we feel any loss of *amour-propre* about our story. It has been amply vindicated and confirmed in most aspects by every serious newspaper – principally, because nobody has dared in private to deny its truth. It is worth mentioning simply as an especially outrageous example of the way in which British politicians repay the trust which indeed is extended to them by an amiable and civilised people.

The parliamentary lobby system has been justified as a means of enabling politicians to speak frankly and freely to journalists on sensitive and difficult matters. The NEW STATESMAN withdrew from it – without rhetoric – some time ago, because we consider that it has long been corrupted from any such tolerable purpose. As the Rees example shows, it has become a system under which politicians can enjoy the public fruits of propaganda, while evading the private cost of doing so. May we suggest to the greater and more respectable powers of Fleet Street that it is time to bring this indulgence to an end?

NOTES

Tory peers in education rebellion

Rick Rogers writes: The new nursery schools clause in the Education Bill cuts a large hole in the already much battered 1944 Education Act, which is the foundation of the country's education system.

The immediate aim of the clause is to enable Oxfordshire to close all its nursery schools and classes without breaking the law. It also cancels out the recent ruling by Department of Education lawyers that all LEAs do have a statutory duty to provide nursery provision for all who want it, thus giving a belated and short-lived set of teeth to the 1944 Act. The new clause pushes the law on state nursery provision back to the pre-1944 situation.

For many years after the 1944 Act the law was barely enforced. Governments refused to finance the necessary nursery school building programme, which was reckoned a low priority until primary and secondary schools building had been upgraded. LEAs thereby had a neat defence against fulfilling their statutory duty – government policy would not allow them to do so. Controls were lifted from 1973 following the Thatcher *Framework for expansion* policy document. This began the funding of a nursery school programme – to help fill spare capacity in primary schools, to switch resources from comprehensive reorganisation programmes, and to support the post-Plowden Report enthusiasm for under-fives' education. The LEA response was patchy and the programme was continually being hit by the public spending cuts of successive governments. Less than a fifth of three-

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and four-year-olds currently attend nursery schools or classes. Some LEAs still have little or no provision at all.

The main effect of the nursery clause in the new Bill will come in two or three years. With more cuts on the way, LEAs will increasingly find they are able only to fund the dwindling number of *statutory* services. Cancelling the legal duty to provide nursery schooling means that Oxfordshire is only the first of many LEAs likely to dump the under-fives.

The Bill – and this clause in particular – is to get a rough ride in the Lords in two weeks' time. Three Tory education lords – Butler, Boyle and Alexander – will put up some opposition to the dismantling of an Act and an education system they feel they did much to promote.

Dumping inquiry

Rob Edwards writes: Next Tuesday the first public inquiry dealing with the disposal of nuclear waste starts in Ayr. The UK Atomic Energy Authority wants to test the suitability of Mullwharchar – one of the Galloway hills – as an eventual nuclear waste burial ground. The inquiry will be a precedent for the 20 or so other areas throughout the country in which the nuclear industry have already expressed an interest as possible waste dumps.

The inquiry reporter (i.e. inspector), Mr William Campbell, faces an impossible task. His remit has been strictly limited by the Scottish Office to cover only the local planning implications of the siting of six caravans and the drilling of 32 holes. The Secretary of State for Scotland, George Younger (himself an objector when he was plain MP for Ayr), has rejected calls for a broader inquiry and has repeatedly ruled out any discussion of the health and safe implications of the disposal of nuclear waste. Such problems are, he says, for a future inquiry, the precise terms of which 'it is not practicable to forecast'. The ploy of attempting to separate research from actual disposal has not fooled the welter of objectors, including Kyle and Carrick District and Strathclyde Regional Councils. Rendered cynical by four years of UKAEA-propaganda, aware of Mullwharchar's convenient proximity to the waste reprocessing plant at Windscale in Cumbria, local people believe that if the research is permitted, the nuclear industry will have its foot firmly in the door, and waste dumping will inevitably follow.

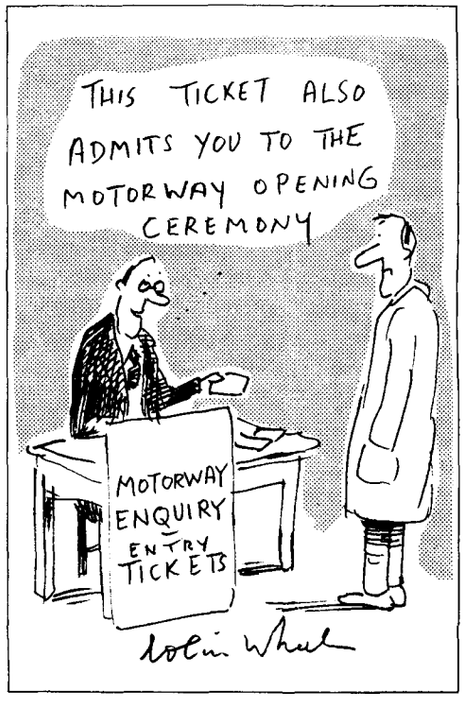
Other neighbouring local authorities, including Wigtown, Stewartry and Dumfries and Galloway, were to have been objectors, but the Scottish Office, by 'advising' them not to spend money at the inquiry appear to have leaned on them to stay out. The Scottish Office's attitude to the inquiry – and the objectors' response – was foreshadowed by the official pre-inquiry meeting last December: there was an uproar when it was realised that not all objectors had been invited, nor had the meeting been advertised. As a result the reporter convened another meeting in January. This was equally fraught, with an impromptu vote calling for the inquiry to be postponed in order to allow time to evaluate the implications of the Boxing Day earthquake that shook southern Scotland. This was refused.

All power to the bureaucrats

Mick Hamer writes: Motorway inquiries could become kangaroo courts, following a judgment in the House of Lords last week. The ruling has limited the rights of objectors to cross-examine at inquiries, permits one side to submit fresh evidence without a corresponding right of comment for the other side and removes the right to challenge the need for a road.

In the case of Bushell and Another v. the Secretary of State for the Environment two objectors to the M40 and M42 motorways had argued that the inspector's refusal to permit them to cross-examine the Department of the Environment's traffic forecasts at the 1972 inquiry had frustrated their ability to challenge the necessity of the schemes. Additionally, it was argued that the Environment Secretary should not have taken new evidence from his department without allowing objectors the right to rebut it. In 1977 the objectors lost their case in the High Court. But in 1979 Lord Denning overturned this verdict on appeal. And now the Lords have reversed the Appeal Court's judgment by a four to one majority.

Until the 1972 M40/M42 inquiry the DoE considered that the purpose of an inquiry was to decide where a road should go – not whether it should be built. At this inquiry the DoE reluctantly conceded, on legal advice, that the need for a road could be challenged. However, the DoE's inspector refused to allow cross-examination of the main justification for the road – the traffic forecasts. This was justified by the DoE, and its successor the Department of



Transport, by the claim that traffic forecasts were government policy – policy being a matter for Parliament, not a local inquiry. In the appeal Lord Denning commented: 'They are not policy at all, but matters of fact'. As a result of the Lords ruling both the need for a road, and the forecasts used to justify it, are now government policy. Public inquiries will in future be limited to deciding the precise line that a road can take.

Furthermore, the Lords ruled that cross-examination was not an integral part of public inquries. At Lord Dilhorne put it, the refusal 'to allow a party to cross-examine orally at a local inquiry a person who has made statements of facts or has expressed expert opinions is not *per se* unfair.' Lord Edmund-Davies dissented: 'refusal . . . to permit cross-examination on what, by common agreement, was evidence of cardinal importance, was indefensible and unfair and, as such, a denial of natural justice.'

Thus, at future inquiries inspectors will have wide-ranging discretion not to allow cross-examination. On past performance this discretion will be influenced by the DoE's 'Notice for the Guidance of Panel Inspectors', which the Department has used to plug any gaps in its defences which objectors have used at inquiries. The Lords also ruled that the Minister is under no obligation to give objectors 'an opportunity of commenting on advice, expert or otherwise, which he receives from his Department after the inquiry has closed.' So the Department can continue with its practice of advising the Minister in contentious road schemes to help him make his decision. The same overall effect of the ruling is that in future objectors to road schemes will be effectively restricted to those privileges which may, from time to time, be granted by grace of the Department of Transport.

Permanent home for the Olympics?

Christopher Hitchens writes: The Greek Prime Minister, Mr Constantine Karamanlis, has amplified his offer to the International Olympic Committee of a permanent home for the Games. A few weeks ago he publicly suggested that the site should be Greek, preferably located in Olympia itself. He now suggests that the area should be characterised as 'neutral ground' by international agreement; thus removing any taint of Greek or Hellenic chauvinism from his earlier proposal. Under the new scheme, the Olympic installations would be guaranteed by an international treaty, access to them would be safeguarded in the same way, and the International Olympic Committee would be the guardian of the new arrangement.

This would eliminate the present squalid four-year raffle, where cities and speculators jostle with security chiefs and heads of state propaganda departments. Mr Karamanlis observes that his offer would enable the Olympics to be 'disentangled from world political and ideological disputes, from the interference of glory-seeking and professionalism, and from the commercial exploitation and economic problems which are the outcome of its present form.'

Mr Karamanlis did not say so explicitly, but if his plan were adopted in full then even if Greece was to revert to dictatorship the Olympia site would be an 'international zone'. The Anglo-Greek Parliamentary Group has tabled a motion supporting his idea, but so far the British Government seems more concerned with following the Carter line to the letter.

Fighting abortion – American style

John Bowers writes: The success of the British anti-abortion lobby at a time when, according to a recent MORI poll, 70 per cent of those questioned thought 'abortion should be made legally available for all who wanted it' is an instructive case study in pressure group politics. But in America the strategy of the anti-abortion minority is more extreme than that yet seen in Britain. And over the years the American anti-abortion lobby has had formidable success in a country where professional lobbying is well developed.

American 'right-to-life' groups have often sent foetuses through the post to Congressmen before important votes. They have frequently picketed Planned Parenthood clinics shouting abuse at women who were about to undergo abortions. In the midst of the famous St Patrick's Day parade in the heart of Irish-Catholic Boston there have been 'anti-abortion' floats with horrific pictures and slogans. On Capitol Hill there is a daily lobby of the Senate and House of Representatives by anti-abortionists. The lobbyists concentrate their efforts on 'target' Congressmen such as Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut, using so-called 'bullet' tactics: their aim is to urge electors to cast their votes at all levels solely on the basis of the abortion issue. This has already paid dividends with the defeat of the respected liberal Senator Dick Clark of Iowa. This same sort of appeal was made in Britain in Orm-

RALPH STEADMAN is moving house, which accounts for his absence from the NEW STATESMAN last week, this week and for an indefinite (but, we hope, short) period into the future. He will be back as soon as he has emptied his tea chests.

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skirk at last year's general election: Labour supporters were urged to stay at home rather than vote for pro-abortionist Kilroy-Silk.

The Supreme Court ruled in 1976 that abortions were legal under the US Constitution. In the current conservative atmosphere, anti-abortionists are gaining support to insert a 'right-to-life' amendment in the Constitution. This would ban all abortions and prevent any legislative change of heart in the future. Such an extreme measure is unlikely to succeed. But, frustrated at being unable to eliminate abortions altogether, the lobbies are instead managing to reduce access for the poor. It is up to legislators to allocate 'medicaid', which in the absence of a health service provides funding for health care facilities for the low-paid and unwaged. The 'right-to-lifers' have concentrated on adding clauses to a variety of expenditure bills forbidding the use of medicaid funding for abortions. Measures like the annual federal grant to Washington, DC have become conditional on the dogma of the 'right-to-life' movement. And since this is their main channel of legislative influence they are currently exploiting it to the full. Last year the whole federal budget stalled because of a stalemate over 'right-to-life' clauses which had been tacked on to certain bills.

France's Africa policy in doubt

Denis MacShane writes: The death last week in an aircrash in Cameroon of the mysterious and shadowy René Journiac, President Giscard D'Estaing's Africa expert and fixer, has been treated in France as if a major public figure had been suddenly killed. His death made the front page of *Le Monde* and even the French radio, normally dutifully respectful about French political figures headlined him as an *eminence grise* and described how he worked from a single telephone out of a cubby-hole office in the Elysée, avoided being photographed and shunned all personal publicity. Yet it was Journiac with an immense range of personal contacts in French-speaking Africa – well over a third of the continent is Francophone – who singlehandedly developed and maintained Giscard's idiosyncratic Africa policy.

Journiac held Mobotu's hand in Zaire during the two rebellions in 1977 and 1978, put down with the help of French paratroops. Journiac did nothing to discourage 'Emperor' Bokassa's fantasies and helped him arrange the Imperial regalia supplied by France for Bokassa's 'Coronation'. And when last year the French decided to get rid of Bokassa Journiac went to Gabon for a secret interview to explain to the 'Emperor' why his reign was over.

He seemed to have the ability to fix anything from the release of a French woman ethnologist held by rebels in Chad to Giscard's big-game hunting trips in Central Africa. He courted assiduously Arab leaders in North Africa and one of his last moves before his death was to send the French navy to stand off Tunisia after a Libyan-backed move against the tottering Bourguiba regime.

Since the dismantling of the French empire in Africa in the 1960's, successive French presidents have been anxious to keep the Francophone countries in Africa under French political, economic and cultural tutelage. This has led to unsavoury dealings in the internal politics of their former colonies ranging from the Ben Rarka affair to propping up tyrants such as Bokassa and Mobotu. Journiac was the key middleman for many of these operations. He was only 59 and there is no hint that a successor had been groomed. So there is now a question mark over the future of French foreign policy in Francophone Africa and a debate has started on the continuing necessity for presidents to employ, as *Le Monde* puts it, 'those who are required to dirty their hands in the service of the state.'

Drop the charges

David Caute writes: The arrest of Samuel Mutomba and Garfield Todd in Rhodesia merely confirms how little Lord Soames's administration has attempted to dismantle Ian Smith's police state. Under the notorious Law and Order Maintenance Act both men were charged with assisting and failing to report 'terrorists' – which invariably means supporters of Mugabe or Nkomo rather than the armed 'auxiliaries' currently engaged in bullying the population to support Bishop Muzorewa.

After the Shabani magistrate had refused the 72-year-old former Prime Minister bail on the ground that he might intimidate witnesses, repeat the crime or flee the country, an embarrassed Soames intervened to secure his release on bail. Samuel Mutomba, meanwhile, stays in jail. Todd himself is the first to protest against such status-conscious justice. Mutomba is a quiet, dignified headteacher completely dedicated to the wellbeing of the 600 black pupils at the famous Dadaya mission school, of which Todd is Chairman of the Board. That Dayada, unlike so many other rural secondary schools, has remained open is a small miracle for which Mutomba and Todd are largely responsible. The presence of Zanla and Zipra guerrillas in the neighbouring Runde TTL has been known to the civilian and military authorities for several years. Mutomba is a classic example of the helpless man in the middle. In arresting him the Joint Operations Command and Shabani Special Branch, always resentful of Todd's widespread popularity among the local blacks, are giving notice that nothing will change in their part of the world. The Governor must prove them wrong by having the charges against both men dropped.

LEYLAND
Patrick Wintour

The TGWU-commissioned report says BL must merge

Mutiny on the Bounty

WITHIN THE NEXT few months the Transport and General Workers Union can be expected to put their formidable weight behind a plan to merge British Leyland with a foreign car manufacturer, possibly Honda, as part of a strategy of expansion and rationalisation which runs directly counter to the Sir Michael Edwardes plan of retrenchment and lay-offs. The plan for a merger comes in a report by the Paris-based management consultants, Eurofinance, which was commissioned by the TGWU as an independent and objective appraisal of Edwardes' 1980 Corporate Plan. The report, dated 5 February, says:

> Because of its depleted resources (products and dealers) BL is ill-equipped to compete effectively on its own. Rebuilding the product range and dealer network, and hitting quality and delivery targets would not alter the fact that the odds are heavily against BL (on its own) in the longer term. The company needs a partner or partners.

Eurofinance argue persuasively that BL is totally unequipped to meet the changes expected in the world motor car industry in the eighties and that the Edwardes Plan is not a realistic response to these changes. Cost-cutting through plant closures, lay-offs and productivity increases will not be adequate. If Eurofinance's arguments and findings are accepted formally by the TGWU executive, Sir Michael Edwardes will not only face the industrial muscle of the unions but also, for the first time, the strength of a coherent alternative plan around which TGWU leaders will be able to rally the demoralised BL workforce.

The Report comes at a crucial time for Leyland as the autocratic style of Edwardes' management begins to come unstuck. The AUEW have decided that Derek Robinson, their senior BL shop steward, was unfairly dismissed. BL's share of the UK market has dropped to an unprecedented 15 per cent. By a margin of 6-4 BL's 80,000 hourly paid workers this week voted to support their union negotiator's rejection of the company's 1980 pay and working conditions offer. Changes in working practices – specifically the eradication of the power of shop stewards, such as the dismissed convenor of Longbridge, Derek Robinson – has been an integral part of Edwardes' view of his survival plan.

Despite this week's ballot in support of the union negotiators, BL management say they still have a mandate of 7-1 in their autumn ballot on the Edwardes Plan of 25,000 jobs lost and 13 factories closed or substantially reduced. In effect, BL management's argument is: 'Our ballot was bigger than yours.'

But the Eurofinance report confirms the suspicion of the TGWU at the time of the autumn ballot that the Edwardes plan was 'not fully thought out' and that the public plan for BL did not tally with the real intentions of management and government. The Eurofinance report, taken with BL's massive propaganda campaign supporting the Edwardes plan greatly diminishes the significance of the autumn ballot.

THE REPORT begins – in an attempt to show the necessity of a BL merger – by distinguishing three types of car producers. The 'Global Federals' are General Motors, Ford, Volkswagen and Fiat. The 'Zonal Federals' are Toyota, Nissan, PSA (Peugeot) and Renault. With a world market share of 1.9 per cent BL is firmly in the lowest league ('National Direct Exporters') along with the two most aggressive second-division Japanese manufacturers Mitsubishi and Honda, who in Eurofinance's view are most likely contenders for promotion to the Zonal Federal league. They say bluntly:

> As a result of damage suffered in the 1970s BL is now the smallest and weakest full-range motor vehicle manufacturer in the world. It has no overseas *production* bases (as opposed to *assembly* in Belgium), an ageing and uncompetitive product range and is pitifully short of skilled technical and engineering resources. Market share is shrinking and dealers are defecting.

The report focuses on the 'strength and urgency of the case for a partner for BL.' Eurofinance say this case is firmly grounded in 'practical industrial economics.' They do not regard BL's existing deal with Honda as a partnership. Under this 'BL takes cars from Honda for assembly in the UK and for sale within the EEC. Partnership would involve *inter-alia* joint manufacture of components or component sharing.'

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Eurofinance expect world car production to increase from 32 million units this year to 43 million in 1990. While the Global Federals will increase from 17 million to 23.2 million and Zonal Federals by a similar proportion, National Direct Exporters, BL's category, will actually decrease from 4.75 million to 4.3 million. The reasons for that is partly stagnation of demand in markets such as the USA, Western Europe and Japan. The growth areas of Latin America, Southeast Asia and Eastern Europe will be accompanied by government legislation that 'fosters local supply capability and exports'.

Legal restraints will force car companies to produce in the countries in which they wish to sell cars. American, Western European and Japanese net exports to the rest of the world – currently running at 2 million cars a year – will

end. The bulk of the increase in world production will be in those companies already producing in the countries with expanding markets. The giant transnationals – Ford, GM, VW and Fiat – will benefit; single country producers such as BL will lose out and be left to compete ever more fiercely for the small, stagnant markets in which their share is anyway declining.

BL will also be hit because it is small. 'Whilst BL was foundering in the seventies most of the companies' main competitors were increasing in size and competitive strength.' Now BL hopes to stabilise its car output at 750,000 to 850,000 units a year. As Eurofinance bluntly say: 'On the present set-up volumes on the four BL-produced models (Metro, LC10, Rover and Jaguar) will be too low to keep unit production costs of key components in line with those of competitors.' VW is producing 750,000 units of the Golf and its derivatives alone. To overcome this size disadvantage, BL products will have to sell at a premium price or there will have to be 'modification to key component production structure procurements' – that is, it will have to cut costs either by buying in more components, bought cheaply on the world market, or it will have to find a partner to make components with. The giant car companies have already integrated and standardised their production processes. As Bernard Vernier-Palliez, President of Renault, says: 'There are no world cars, only world components to be made on a vast scale.'

TWO FACTORS have speeded up the giant companies' development of a world component supply strategy. First there has been a revolution in the US car industry as Americans have reduced the size of their cars to European levels. Second, significant markets have grown in countries outside the industrialised West. Eurofinance quote the general director of Citroen, M. Xavier Karcher, on the challenge represented by General Motors:

> To cover the needs of all (car) customers worldwide, GM will use only seven chassis. The four smallest chassis will be used for production of vehicles in Europe, Japan, the US, Latin America and South Africa, with the three largest reserved for the North American market. Standardisation of sub-assemblies will be extended, allowing engines and transmissions from the same family to be fitted to several of the chassis types. The x-car chassis will be used for 2m. units a year of GM worldwide car production.

Eurofinance provide other examples of the internationalisation of car production, including the 600 engines produced daily by VW do Brasil for use in VW Germany and the $5 million investment programme of Fiat integrating its Spanish, Italian, Polish and Brazilian facilities. Eurofinance conclude: 'The logistical risks in world component supply are great, but the scale benefits (high-volume, low cost production) are greater'.

The paramount need for Leyland to find a partnership beyond the Bounty deal is emphasised by Leyland's financial plight. Just as the TGWU argued at the time of the autumn ballot, Eurofinance believe that Leyland does not have the cash to finance a decent model programme. Under the 1980 corporate plan the total investment for the LC10 was £388 million for the 1980-85 period, when Ford were claiming that it costs a minimum of £450m to launch a new model. Eurofinance comment: 'Given the company's current market penetration and a realistic reading of the 1980-82 prospects, it is no surprise whatsoever that the BL corporate plan calls for sharp reductions in the fixed cost base'. . . 'Preliminary work has raised a series of question marks over the likely sufficiency of financial resources in 1980-82 to fund the programmes outlined in the 1980 corporate plan.' The report then goes on to comment on the lack of financial information provided by BL, on which to make a judgment – a point that the unions made at the time.

The consultants are, however, sure that BL's problems are likely to get worse over the next 12-24 months, since 'demand for cars in the UK and the rest of Europe is going into a cyclical downturn. The new BL-Bounty Honda launch is nearly two years away and the new LC10 nearly three years away'. The same vulnerability is shown in trucks, once BL's flagship. 'The economic disadvantage of the much smaller, weaker truckmakers' in-house manufacture is likely to become greater in the 1980s. Joint venture component production (eg PSA-DAF) and/or more recourse to outsourcing are likely.'

Eurofinance sees BL's problem of the next two years as keeping the company together while it finds a suitable partner. It dismisses out of hand what seems to be the Joseph long-term option of hiving off the periphery of Special Products and SU Butec: 'We know of no objective study demonstrating a national economic gain in selling off the few profitable bits of BL and shutting down the rest.' BL's problem will be finding any company prepared to come in with them. 'The number of prospective partners for BL is limited. There would be a large number of companies willing to use their own capacity to supply BL with products, but without offering any industrial or marketing *quid pro quos*.' The whole point of a partnership deal is to find a way of becoming a bigger component manufacturer, so that unit costs can be reduced, and to create a company diversified enough to establish production bases in the new markets.

So far Honda have been very cautious in their current relationship with BL over the Bounty. The contract still has not been released and the unions are anxious to know if there are any penalty clauses built into the contract detailing the consequences of BL falling behind on the production schedule. There do, however, seem to be the shadowy and as yet undistinct outlines of a larger deal with Honda. Recently British Leyland management have made references to a model range which did not appear in the 1980 Corporate plan. In the autumn of 1983 the Bravo 4-door will be produced for a launch in autumn 1984 and a Bravo 5-door is said to be expected in production in January 1985 for launch in the autumn of the same year. There is also a second previously unmentioned model appearing over the distant horizon – the Broadside, which would be launched in the spring of 1983. As these previously undisclosed cars have appeared from nowhere it might have seemed reasonable to assume that the Bounty, the Bravo and the Broadside are all part of a possible permanent BL/Honda link-up. But BL deny that they are Japanese. However, the management's initial explanation of these models, that they are 'parcels of critical engineering work', seems deeply implausible, as they are, in fact, cars.

Further changes in the Corporate Plan include a new Jaguar model, the XJ41, the bringing forward by two years of the SD1 and the disappearance of the TR6/7, which under the 1980 Corporate Plan had £89m worth of investment earmarked for it. At the moment BL appears to have a number of different plans, designed for different political climates, the company's market share, whether or not there is continuous production and the Tories' willingness to fund the company.

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Destabilising the 'decent people'

It is now accepted that phone-tapping levels in this country are far higher than Parliament has been allowed to know. Further disclosures in the NS about the spread of bugging techniques, and about the cost, extent and complexity of the security empire, have been greeted with tacit, sullen acknowledgment.

This week, we open up a more general issue. First, we deploy evidence which stiffens the long-held suspicion that MI5 employs another classic device of arrogant surveillance agencies – 'black bag jobs', or, more bluntly, breaking-and-entering. But the same evidence also shows how far we have gone towards the position where the real 'targets' of the intelligence agencies turn out to be the democratic institutions they are supposed to be defending. The limits of free press inquiry, as defined here by MI5 officials, are frighteningly low: what is worse is that they are prepared to use selective disinformation against citizens of any political colouration who dare to challenge that definition. The case for an overall inquiry into the operations of the security services becomes steadily more difficult to resist. Report by DUNCAN CAMPBELL, BRUCE PAGE and NICK ANNING.

London Weekend Television

From Gerry Gable
Date 2nd May, 1977
About Agencies
To Julian/Mike Braham/Barry Cox (Please keep these reports secure)

Phil Kelly was a member of the Young Liberals who in the sixties joined what was known as "the Red Guard". Young Liberals like Peter Hain and Peter Hellyer went against the traditional Liberal line and started campaigning along lines more akin to the Radical left. They stood out against the Vietnam War/Apartheid and for the Palestinians against the Israelis. At home they were for direct action on housing and other evils in our society.

I have now given the names I have acquired to be checked out by British/French security services, especially the French and German connections and the South American stuff is being checked by Geoffrey Stewart-Smith's institute. He has strong CIA links. I may try somebody in the Israeli Foreign Office that I know for some checks on Kelly. It is now a time of waiting for a feed-back and also further checks here.

I have attached a number of documents including the transcript of Kelly's interview with World in Action. It goes without saying that I would like this kept strictly secret.

GERRY GABLE

'Strictly secret'; one of a series of reports on other journalists which London Weekend TV researcher Gerry Gable prepared with the assistance of propaganda input by MI5. Much of the information thus supplied was wholly untrue or misleading.

IN NOVEMBER 1978 the Official Secrets trial collapsed, amid lurid manifestations of official buffoonery. Worldly-wise opinion now treats it as merely an ill-omened jape on the part of MI5.

New evidence presented here re-emphasises that its initial character was far from humorous. Recent NEW STATESMAN issues have exposed the snooping technologies employed by Britain's free-booting intelligence agencies: phone-taps, mail-interception, elaborate bugging devices. We now offer a case-study in the uses made of the material they gather: specifically, a campaign to transmit McCarthyite smears through the news media, intended to influence both political opinion, and the likely course of criminal proceedings (that is, the Official Secrets trial itself).

The main document is an office memo written by Gerry Gable, a reporter for London Weekend Television, which he says follows a lunch with a Security Service employee in May 1977. It reached us without illegality. It is not published out of any gratuitous desire to embarrass LWT – which has an impressive record of editorial independence – or Mr Gable himself, who enjoys considerable standing among other journalists, particularly because of his investigations of the National Front. But it provides a rare example of hard evidence about a subject which generally remains shadowy: the strategy and tactics of news-media manipulation, as employed by MI5 and the Special Branch.

The wording of Mr Gable's memo suggests clearly that he was engaged in a two-way transaction with his security sources ('I have now given the names I have acquired to be checked out by British/French security services . . .'). The nature of the official material received and recorded by him – interleaved with considerable quantities of random gossip – suggests that much of it was coloured by phone-tap information and informers' reports.

What is firstly conspicuous about it is that it consists almost entirely of libellous untruths about a group of 'target' individuals – the Official Secrets defendants, the American deportees Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball and several of their acquaintances. In certain respects, material from Special Branch inquiries must have been deliberately falsified in order to deceive Gable and his employers.

What is secondly conspicuous about the material is that it parallels, in documentary form, the vague but minatory briefings which were dispensed in 1977 by Home Secretary Merlyn Rees to any MP expressing concern about either the Agee/Hosenball deportation, or against the savage use of the espionage sections of the Official Secrets Act against Crispin Aubrey, Duncan Campbell and John Berry (the 'ABC' trio). Naively enough, Gerry Gable has performed the valuable service of recording the Security Service's justification – as served up to tolerably credulous recipients – for the great 'national security' scare of 1976-8. The fact that it has since been exploded should not obscure recollection of how near it came to being a self-proving proposition.

A more complex and more explosive aspect of the matter lies in the timing of MI5's briefing to Gable. The memo, written on 2 May 1977, clearly shows MI5's intense interest in manipulating events around the Agee/Hosenball case and the beginnings of the ABC prosecution.

But the person mentioned most frequently – and libellously – in its pages was not directly involved in either case: Philip Kelly, a young journalist who was indeed well-acquainted with both sets of accused men. Kelly, on the account of Gable's 'top-level security service sources', is presented (absurdly) as the 'KGB man' deriving treasonable benefit from all their activities.

Kelly was around this time one of the victims of a number of London thefts and burglaries which were clearly designed to gather information and documents, rather than loot. As Robin Cook MP has said more than once, suspicion has always inevitably pointed towards MI5. Up to now, pressure for any full inquiry has always been met with bland refusal. Now that it can be shown that MI5 had at the relevant time a deep fascination – not to say berserk obsession – with Kelly the 'master spy', such a refusal becomes rather harder to justify.

THE MEMO, ADMITTED to be one of a series, is headed 'Agencies', presumably a reference to Gable's information sources (named, apart from MI5, as the CIA, French and German security and the 'Israeli Foreign Office'). The addressees are Julian Norridge and Mike Braham, both producers on LWT's *London Programme* and Barry Cox, the company's Head of Current Affairs.

London Weekend never produced a full-

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Phil Kelly: one target of MI5's smear operations in the British media

scale programme about either the ABC case or the Agee/Hosenball deportation. Barry Cox says that neither subject would have fallen readily into the remit of either the *London Programme* or LWT's other current-affairs show, *Weekend World*.

How much was executive opinion influenced by the Gable memo and its still-unrevealed companion pieces? Barry Cox points out that (a) he was not substantially influenced himself, since he offered to give evidence for the ABC defence, and (b) that LWT's *Saturday Night People* broke the story of the Official Secrets juror who turned out to be a highly biased ex-SAS soldier, forcing a new trial with a major prosecution count excluded.

Would the existence of a secret memo naming Kelly as a KGB agent affect his prospects of employment with LWT? Mr Cox said that, as the story had never come to anything, it would not do so. However, we have established that a year later it was still being suggested that LWT might look into the proposition that Kelly's then employers Interpress Agency were receiving improper foreign subventions.

The 'Agencies' memo mixes up some perfectly accurate facts with a number of half-truths – and constructs upon them a series of fantasies, linking the Young Liberals with Cubans, Palestinian and German terrorists, various contributors to *Time Out*, members of the London Co-Op, and of course the KGB, into a deadly, all-encompassing conspiracy.

It correctly states that Kelly, its neutral character, became involved in politics as a Young Liberal, though incorrectly states that he came from a 'strictly working-class background'. The detail is slight, but reflects on Mr Gable's claim to have gathered much of the material 'not from the security services, but from people I have known on the Left for 20 years'. Anyone of the Left seriously acquainted with Kelly would know that both of his parents were teachers.

Correctly, it states that he campaigned against the Vietnam war, but continues:

> It was suggested that in either late '67 or early '68 he travelled to Cuba and was trained as was 'Carlos' during the same period . . .

Kelly's comment on this is to state that he has never been to Cuba, and that examination of his passport will prove it. Even if he had been, it would scarcely justify associating him with the notorious killer 'Carlos'.

The memo is too lengthy (and confused) to quote in full, especially as each of its numerous defamations requires an accompanying disclaimer. However, the chief features of the Kelly 'profile' must be dealt with.

> . . . in the summer of 1969, Kelly went to Jordan, not, as he told people, to see the refugee camps, schools and medical aid groups, but to a proper Fatah training camp. Members of the Baader-Meinhof group also attended these camps and learnt their bombing and killing skills in them. Kelly was taught firearms/explosives and went out on some treks to the Israeli border with Fatah patrols . . .

Kelly agrees that he went to Jordan with a group of British left-wingers sympathetic to the Palestinians. But he totally denies having received any military training during the trip (which he has never concealed). He was stopped at London Airport on his return, and grilled by Special Branch detectives about his imagined military exploits. The source of these accusations made to Kelly appears to be one of his companions on the trip who, after demonstrating violent anti-semitic tendencies (and a propensity to behave in the manner ascribed to Kelly) was then detached from the group, and returned to London two weeks early. As much is acknowledged by Gable, who asserts that an 'eye-witness' has backed up his claims.

This 'eye-witness' is apparently a person well known to Gable, who suggests that on several later occasions Kelly had again encountered him. At that stage, the man, says Gable:

> had infiltrated the Palestinians and some left groups.

There is remarkably close congruence between the information which the Special Branch had received at Heathrow Airport in 1970, and the 'eye-witness' story Gable was retailing in 1977. The implication must be that Gable was at least aware of the infiltration of a Special Branch or MI5 informer among left-wing groups.

These remarkable insinuations continue into the early Seventies, when Kelly

> went to work in West Germany and was away for around two years, I understand that he worked as a sports reporter (he was there at the time of the Munich massacre). He also had a German girl-friend whose name is either Gerde Jager or Jaeger, the daughter of a rich lawyer . . .

The 'rich lawyer', to connoisseurs, suggests a Baader-Meinhof connection. Kelly's version is that he worked for seven-eight months in Germany from autumn 1974. He never visited Munich (where the Olympic massacre took place in *1972*). He did have a girlfriend (of a similar name) whose father was a prosperous electronics engineer.

THESE, AND OTHER colourful if shaky tales build up a picture of Kelly the master-spy and overall fixer: 'Since the Agee/Hosenball expulsion notices were issued, Kelly is being seen more and more running around organising things . . .' And this brings us firmly back to the timing of the memo: 2 May could hardly have been a more critical day.

After hearings before the Home Office's panels of 'wise men' in January and February, Hosenball took his case to the Divisional Court in March, while Agee tried for a hearing before the European Commission for Human Rights. Both failed.

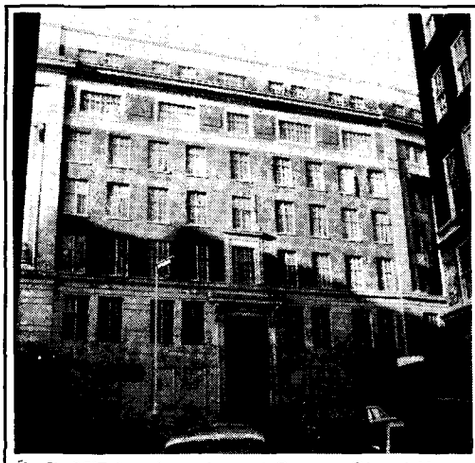
Then on 28 April the Law Lords refused Hosenball leave to appeal. Home Secretary Merlyn Rees promised that no final deportation order would be served before a House of Commons debate scheduled for 3 May.

To the ABC defendants, the timing was even more crucial. The three had just appeared in court, on 26 April, expecting the Attorney-General's decision on whether Official Secrets charges could stand. It was, they learnt, to be delayed to 10 May, and then 24 May, because of pressure of business. In the meantime, it was critical for MI5 to influence opinion at every possible level: to obtain adverse news coverage, or at least discourage interest and concern.

And there was another parliamentary occasion impending while Gable recorded the thoughts of his 'top-level security sources'. Labour back-bencher Robin Cook had been allotted an Adjournment Debate on the Special Branch for 5 May: it was his well-publicised intention to place before the House details of a startling series of document thefts and other crimes which had affected members of the Agee/Hosenball and ABC defence committees.[1]

Meanwhile the Special Branch were conducting a widespread and noisy inquiry, under MI5's direction, which was presumably aimed at obtaining further 'evidence', but was chiefly attracting unwelcome notoriety. Raids on students, and the almost random questioning of journalists, were beginning to make the inquiry look ridiculous.

On the evening of 3 May, the Commons held its remarkably well-attended debate on 'Mr Agee and Mr Hosenball', and Rees swayed the members to his side by suggesting – with further vague hints provided in private



Left, MI5 headquarters at Curzon Street House, Mayfair, London W1. Callers who ask for the Press Section on its well-known telephone number – 491 4488 – are put through to an office with several extensions. But the Press Section appears to be more concerned with spying on journalists than answering outside inquiries. Right, London Weekend TV's studios on the South Bank of the Thames.

1. He published an article on the subject in the NS on 6 May.

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– that he had seen secret material of deadly import.

> Some people . . . object to my decisions in the particular cases. I understand that, *but I have the information before me* (emphasis added). It is my decision.

Was this the same information that was laid before Gerry Gable, and expounded in his memo:

> The arrest of Campbell/Berry and Aubrey has caused a civil rights row, but according to my top level security sources, they inform me in strictest confidence that for about four years Campbell/Berry/Kelly and others have been systematically gathering top-level security material. Campbell, who claims to have only an interest in technological matters as far as the state is involved, had done four years detailed research into the whole structure of the other side of not only our Intelligence services but those of other NATO countries. He has also gone to people who work on top security contracts and started off by asking them about open commercial work their companies do and then gradually asked them for information on top secret work, including that on under-water detection hardware, which he clearly knows is beyond the pale.
>
> Politically it appears the group have no one political guiding light or line, but Kelly is the KGB man who reaps the goodies gathered by other people . . .

Mr Gable strenuously contends that most of this passage came from his own 'contacts on the left', and not from security men. But this claim is almost impossible to reconcile with the words employed. The first point about this thesis is that it would alarm anyone – from a Home Secretary downwards – who took it at face value. And Mr Gable's contacts made it quite clear that they expected people to be frightened by the 'information':

> The security service accepts that once the real nature of this case begins to emerge they expect people like Jonathan Aitken (the Tory MP, who had expressed support for ABC) will fade away fast. The security service accepts that a number of decent people have been signed up to support these people on civil rights grounds and they also unofficially accept all the shortcomings of the act they have been held under, but they say they are sure this has gone well beyond the bounds of Press Investigation.

It is, of course, notorious that the ABC prosecution failed practically across the boards but there is, in a sense, less objection to matters which could just about be dressed up credibly enough to go to court. More serious is the fact that several of the things which the spooks retailed to Gable – and by implication, to Rees and 'decent people' everywhere – were things which they must have been known to be untrue.

Centrally, they held the tape-recording of the interview held on the night when all three ABC defendants were arrested, and which proved conclusively that John Berry and Duncan Campbell, so far from being seasoned conspirators, were meeting then for the first time in their lives. Certainly the Special Branch had been conducting a massive series of interviews with electronics firms, in an eventually unsuccessful attempt to show that Campbell's inquiries amounted to something more than pertinacious journalism.

Of course, the whole intimidating structure, as retailed to Gable, depended upon the idea of the un-charged and un-deportable Kelly as the KGB mastermind of the whole conspiracy. Whether they seriously believed this is impossible to say: it would not be credible to anyone personally acquainted with the people involved, and aware of the relationships between them. It might be credible to someone working on telephone-tap information, well-fertilised by a compost of gossip.

BEFORE EXAMINING the implications of the 'Kelly theory', it is worth recalling that the Spooks' strategy did not fail by a wide margin. Many other journalists undoubtedly received briefings similar to Gable's, even if they did not record them in writing. Defence lawyers seeking for senior journalistic witnesses ready to testify to the orthodoxy of the practices under attack in the ABC case did not find their task easy: some progress was made in isolating the defendants from 'decent people', and this was accompanied by harassment clearly calculated to depress their morale and tempt them into indiscretions.

In the end, many 'decent people' remained as defenders of ABC's cause (conspicuously including Mr Jonathan Aitken). It may be doubted whether the present editor of the NEW STATESMAN counts as a decent person, but the *Observer* columnist Anthony Sampson remained unshaken in his willingness to testify.

The security services' aim, clearly, was to have a largely secret trial, surrounded by thick rumours of KGB plots, after which a group of isolated radicals would receive stiff jail sentences. Thus, of course, all of the fantasies they were broaching in 'strict confidence' to their admirers would be neatly validated, and a sharp lesson taught to all dissident reporters.

Very plainly, they gained considerable acceptance among senior Labour politicians for the proposition that the two deportees and the three ABC defendents were merely foot-soldiers in a much larger espionage army led by the fearsome Kelly. In the words of Phillip Whitehead MP, another of the stubbornly adhesive 'decent people':

> What Rees hinted was that there was a terrorist/Irish/Baader-Meinhof connection . . . which had serious security implications. He gave no written evidence to support this statement, but rested on his connection with the security services . . . Bearing in mind that this was the time when Baader-Meinhof activity was at its height in West Germany, it wasn't so hard to imagine that there might be things we didn't know.

Still, if MI5 and the Special Branch were as deeply committed to their story as the Gable memo suggests, they would no doubt have appreciated the discovery of anything that might be purveyed as evidence. Here are the details of the series of break-ins to which Robin Cook MP had drawn attention more than once, and which now urgently required explanation.

- Monday, 7 February 1977, Winchester Mews NW1. Quarterlight forced on a car belonging to the treasurer of the Agee/Hosenball Defence Committee. Handbag with paying-in and paying-out record of the committee is stolen. But a passport, driving licence, diary, cheque-book and card are all handed into Barclays Bank, South Hampstead, a few days later, by an anonymous caller.

- Friday 11 February, outside London College of Printing near Elephant & Castle, Philip Kelly's car broken into while he attends a dance. The car contains no documents or papers, and nothing is taken.

- Monday 21 February, outside King's Cross. Another break-in to the car of the Agee/Hosenball treasurer. Papers rifled through, but nothing taken.

- Wednesday 23 February, Tottenham Magistrate's Court. Address book belonging to William Nash, a defence solicitor, vanishes inexplicably.

- Saturday 26 February. Car belonging to Roger Protz, journalist, of the newly-formed ABC Defence Committee, is broken into.

- Monday 25 April, London E5. House of Aidan White, journalist and a member of both Agee/Hosenball and ABC committees, is ransacked. Papers rifled, files entered. No valuables taken – not even a bag lying open with £3-4.

There were many lesser incidents suggesting energetic surveillance: the ABC arrests clearly followed from interception of mail bound for the National Council for Civil Liberties (to which Berry first wrote). This was followed on 14 February by a tap on Berry's phone. After the ABC arrests, a Post Office engineer called anonymously at the NCCL and told them that all their lines, and all of *Time Out*'s had been tapped from 5 pm on Sunday 20 February (involving more than 30 lines).

Robin Cook suggested in Parliament that the break-ins were likely to be the work of a 'group of persons' prepared 'to break the law in search of information on the two defence committees'. He invited Merlyn Rees to give an assurance that no British security agency had been involved in any of the incidents.

Rees has never done so, although at the end of 1977 he wrote a letter which suggested, with bland assurance, that such a thing was impossible on general grounds:

> . . . whatever may have happened in other countries, neither the police nor the security service nor anybody else in this country has authority to commit criminal offences.

'Authorisation', as Mr Rees ought to know, avoids the issue. Telephone taps may require some notional flummery of warrants, but only to salve the Post Office's residual conscience.

The ex-Metropolitan detective Dick Lee, in his honest and controversial account of the Operation Julie drugs case, makes it breezily apparent that the investigation was helped along more than once by a little illegal entry – and that nobody fooled around looking for 'authorisation'. It seems unlikely that MI5, committed to obtaining evidence for the imposing scenario they unfolded to Mr Gable, would act with greater restraint than Dick Lee and his police colleagues. (The difference, of course, is that Lee wasn't judging other people's politics.)

It may be worth emphasising that Mr Gable was certainly not the only person on the receiving end of vast quantities of MI5 flak, designed to eliminate or emasculate the news media's response to a basic attack – made, of course, through the traditional radical targets – upon all their liberties. And he did perform a kind of service by recording it all in copious detail.

What is saddest is to quote from the last few words of his memo:

> I have now given the names I have acquired to be checked out by the British/French security services . . . it is now a time of waiting for a feed-back and also further checks here.

Of course, the feed-back never came, because the whole story was essentially black propaganda. It should be recorded that Mr Gable says it was just bad grammar that made him use the plural of 'names': but the text suggests that at the end of the exercise a few more snippets of gossip found a place in the MI5 distortion machine.

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SPAIN
Julie Flint

General's sudden demotion may have aborted military coup

Army plot to oust Suarez

LATE LAST MONTH, one of Spain's most powerful generals, commander of a 13,000-man combat unit near Madrid, was abruptly dismissed while holidaying in the Canary Islands and transferred to a desk job in northern Galicia.

General Luis Torres Rojas was informed of his demotion one day before it was made public in the official government gazette. Government 'sources,' whose job it is to do these things, tried, rather feebly, to deflate rumours that the surprise transfer concealed serious unrest in the military. The change, they asserted, had been decided for two months and General Torres received not one day's warning, but two — a calculation apparently based on the extra day needed to ship the gazette down to the Canary Islands.

The transfer of the 62-year-old General, whose military career began in 1936, had other unusual aspects. He had commanded the crack armoured division at Brunete, 16 miles west of Madrid, for only seven months — well below par for the course. His appointment as military governor of La Coruna broke, despite a brilliant career, a *de facto* tradition of near-automatic promotion from the Brunete command to one of Spain's 11 Captain Generalships.

The day after Torres's dismissal, the daily *Diario 16* (the paper which unveiled Operation Galaxy, an abortive police-based plot against Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez 14 months ago) fronted the news under the headline: 'Military strike aborted'. The paper gave few details, but said General Torres and other senior military officers wanted Suarez replaced with a military-led government that would crack down on Basque terrorism and communism. The government angrily denied the report. Military authorities indicted Miguel Angel Aguilar, editor of *Diario 16*, under Article 315 of the Code of Military Justice for 'slandering or offending military authorities'.

However offended the authorities, the Torres affair, well-informed sources insist, was part of a plan to force Spain back to the Right by putting pressure on the armed forces' Commander-in-Chief, King Juan Carlos. The plan seems to have had support in two crucial Madrid units – the armoured division and the 3,000-man paratroop brigade at Alcala de Henares, 19 miles west of Madrid — and the sympathy, if nothing more, of a number of important regional commanders.

The latest evidence of unrest in the military comes in the middle of a revival of right-wing extremism. In the northern Basque provinces, two terrorist groups widely believed to have police links have launched an assassination campaign. The seven victims so far this year include a 19-year-old Basque girl who was kidnapped and 'interrogated' before having her face shot to ribbons. The Francoist Fuerza Nueva party of Blas Pinar has come out to rampage — armed — through left-wing neighbourhoods in Madrid and to aggravate tension in the Basque country with an unappetising mixture of rosaries and rhetoric.

Despite official denials, there are indications of rumblings in the army. The military magistrate questioning Aguilar (who faces a possible six years in prison if convicted) apparently spent considerable time naming military names and asking the young editor if any of them was involved in the plotting the Government denied.

GENERAL TORRES, a former paratroop leader with great moral authority within the Alcala brigade, took over the Brunete division last June. Six weeks later, on the anniversary of Franco's uprising against the Republic, tanks from his division mounted an unauthorised show of strength in Madrid. In December, Torres led a 43-man division delegation to an audience requested with Juan Carlos. According to one source, the King's Zarzuela Palace asked for an advance text of the speech Torres would give. On being told, the General preferred to 'extemporise'. The Zarzuela was firm: no speech.

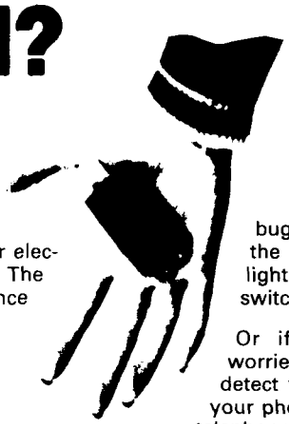
Torres, however, spoke – of 'hearts grieving for the crimes committed against Spaniards and for our comrades treacherously assassinated . . . saddened by the attacks on the flag and fearful of anything that could endanger the sacred unity of Spain'. 'Just as we water the fields with our sweat', Torres said, 'so will we regale them with our blood to defend the unity of Spain . . .'

The General's banishment from Madrid came after an army captain in the North African territory of Melilla returned from a holiday in the capital with talk of conspiracy. The Brunete unit, he bragged after a couple of drinks, would secure Madrid while the paratroops took control of Suarez' working residence. Although the Government denied that Torres's dismissal a week later had any connection with the captain's conspiracy, well-informed sources say Torres and other dissatisfied officers planned to deliver an ultimatum to Juan Carlos this month or early next: Suarez must go, with your assent, or without. On learning of the plan, the Government decided to nip it in the bud by sending Torres off to career exile in Galicia – much as Francisco Franco, then Chief of Staff at the War Ministry, was banished to the Canary Islands in the early months of 1936.

A decision not to take conventional disciplinary action against Torres was apparently prompted by the case of General Juan Atares Pena, a former head of the Civil Guard who insulted Vice Prime Minister Manuel Gutierrez Mellado, on the afternoon of the aborted Galaxy Plot, calling him a 'traitor', a 'liar' and a 'spy' for asserting that the armed forces backed a democratic constitution. Despite scores of witnesses, a court martial composed of his peers found General Atares not guilty.

The Government's denial that there was anything sinister in General Torres's swift kick into oblivion in Galicia would have rung truer had it been accompanied by a more convincing reason than that 'he was not going any higher'. Clearly, the undispelled reports of stirrings in the military can only encourage the 'patriots' who are howling for soldiers to 'hand over their arms to Spaniards'.

Bugged?



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The myth of the self-made man

Discovering the mechanism by which the rich become rich is of consuming interest to economists and politicians. Curiosity is inspired not, as the conservatives would have it, by the politics of envy, but by a wish to check one of the fundamental propositions of capitalist ideology: that by hard work, enterprise, thrift and so on, anyone can become rich; and, by the same token, those who are rich have earned it.

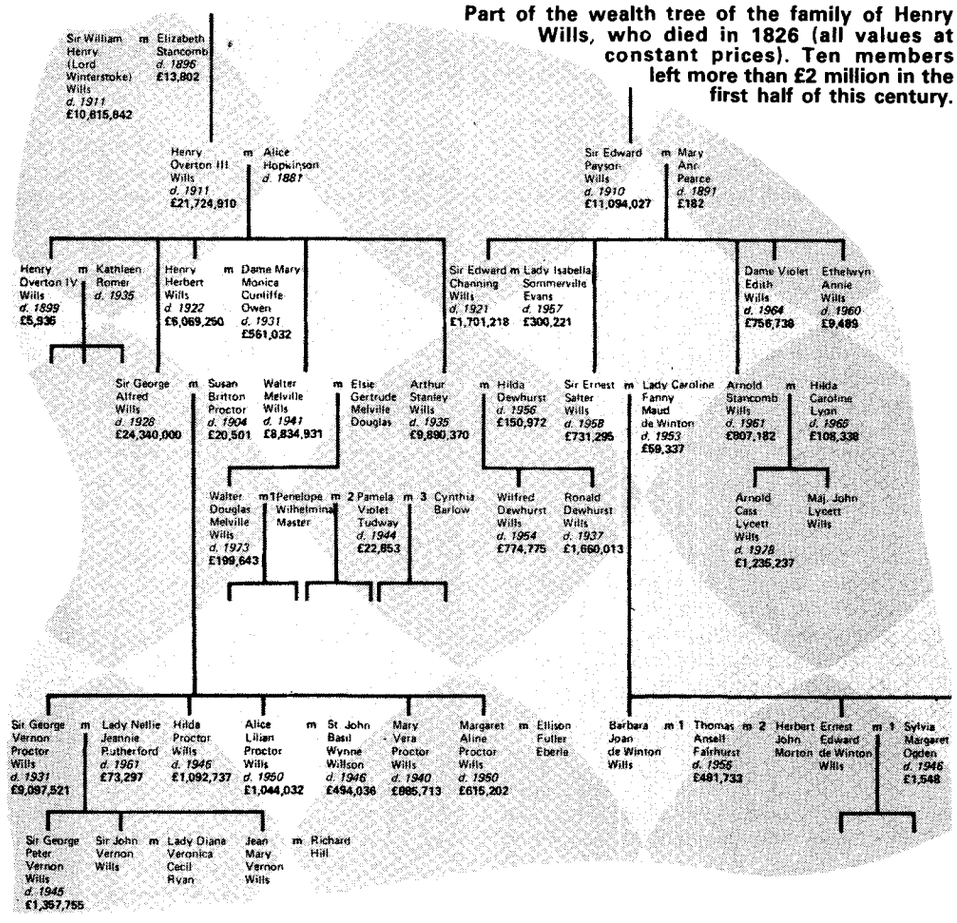
Wealth is important because – especially in the form in which the very rich hold it, shares and land – it confers economic power on the owner, as well as income, security and personal comfort. It also confers status, which frequently gives rich people access to others with different sorts of power. And personally held wealth is still more unequally distributed than income: work by the Diamond Commission shows that the top 10 per cent, for example, own about half the wealth in personal hands. The institutionalisation of wealth – in pension funds and insurance companies – does not significantly dilute the argument about the power which wealth confers on its owners. The control of these funds is extremely concentrated and it seems likely that the management is generally in the hands of people who, in a personal capacity, would easily fall into the richest 5 per cent of the population.

It is, therefore, remarkable that so little work has been done on the way in which the rich acquire their wealth. The Diamond Commission, who investigated the distribution of wealth for several years, made some estimates of how much wealth was inherited, suggesting that inheritances accounted for about 20 per cent of total wealth. But, as they recognised, their calculations were by no means foolproof and, as they seemed not to recognise, such broad figures gave little real insight into the economics of inheritance.

This deficiency has now been made up by COLIN HARBURY, Professor of Economics at the City University, London and DAVID HITCHENS, a research officer at the National Institute of Economics and Social Research, who report on their findings below. Their work is the first major study of the subject since that in 1929 of Josiah Wedgwood, whose method they adapted. Their work was based on sample data of the wealth of individuals (for the years 1902, 1924-6, 1956-7, 1965 and 1973) and of their fathers (and other predecessors), obtained from a laborious and painstaking study of wills filed at Somerset House.

Their results suggest that the truly self-made man is a rare species in the country: even people who amassed fortunes during their lives were often born into or married into wealth.

Part of the wealth tree of the family of Henry Wills, who died in 1826 (all values at constant prices). Ten members left more than £2 million in the first half of this century.


Sir William Henry (Lord Winterstoke) Wills d. 1911 £10,815,842
m Elizabeth Stancomb d. 1896 £13,802
Henry Overton III Wills d. 1911 £21,724,810
m Alice Hopkinson d. 1881
Sir Edward Payson Wills d. 1910 £11,094,027
m Mary Ann Pearce d. 1891 £182
Henry Overton IV Wills d. 1899 £5,936
m Kathleen Romer d. 1935
Henry Herbert Wills d. 1922 £6,069,250
m Dame Mary Monica Cunliffe Owen d. 1931 £561,032
Sir Edward Channing Wills d. 1921 £1,701,218
m Lady Isabella Sommerville Evans d. 1957 £300,221
Dame Violet Edith Wills d. 1964 £756,730
Ethelwyn Annie Wills d. 1960 £9,489
Sir George Alfred Wills d. 1928 £24,340,000
m Susan Britton Proctor d. 1904 £20,501
Walter Melville Wills d. 1941 £8,834,931
m Elsie Gertrude Melville Douglas
Arthur Stanley Wills d. 1935 £9,890,370
m Hilda Dewhurst d. 1956 £150,972
Sir Ernest Salter Wills d. 1958 £731,295
m Lady Caroline Fanny Maud de Winton d. 1953 £59,337
Arnold Stancomb Wills d. 1961 £807,182
m Hilda Caroline Lyon d. 1968 £108,338
Walter Douglas Melville Wills d. 1973 £199,643
m1 Penelope Wilhelmina Master
m 2 Pamela Violet Tudway d. 1944 £22,853
m 3 Cynthia Barlow
Wilfred Dewhurst Wills d. 1954 £774,775
Ronald Dewhurst Wills d. 1937 £1,660,013
Arnold Cass Lycett Wills d. 1978 £1,235,237
Maj. John Lycett Wills
Sir George Vernon Proctor Wills d. 1931 £9,097,521
m Lady Nellie Jeannie Rutherford d. 1967 £73,297
Hilda Proctor Wills d. 1946 £1,092,737
Alice Lilian Proctor Wills d. 1950 £1,044,032
m St John Basil Wynne Willson d. 1946 £494,036
Mary Vera Proctor Wills d. 1940 £885,713
Margaret Aline Proctor Wills d. 1950 £615,202
m Ellison Fuller Eberle
Barbara Joan de Winton Wills
m 1 Thomas Ansell Fairhurst d. 1956 £481,733
m 2 Herbert John Morton
Ernest Edward de Winton Wills
m 1 Sylvia Margaret Ogden d. 1946 £1,548
Sir George Peter Vernon Wills d. 1945 £1,357,755
Sir John Vernon Wills
m Lady Diana Veronica Cecil Ryan
Jean Mary Vernon Wills
m Richard Hill

THE ONLY EXISTING hard facts about the wealth of particular named individuals available to the general public come from the probated values of estates declared at death by executors in the process of distributing a person's assets in accordance with his or her will. Such valuations are deficient in a number of important respects: for instance, the moment of death is not necessarily the best time to add up a person's wealth, as this may have been substantially reduced by a variety of methods of tax avoidance. The Inland Revenue do have access to more comprehensive data but do not, of course, publish it: their only output is the estimate of the distribution of wealth between large groupings in the population. However, with care and within certain limits, the probate valuations can be used to yield useful conclusions about the importance of inheritance.

The records of wills are filed at Somerset House and this source provided the basic data for our research. Samples of more than 1,500 persons leaving estates of all sizes were drawn from the Probate Registry – one sample, for example, included all males who died in 1956 and 1957 leaving over £100,000 at current prices. The major task of our fieldwork was to trace the estates of predecessors. The tracing procedure, familiar to genealogists, involves essentially three stages: establishing, first, a predecessor's name; second, his or her date of death and, third, the value of his or her estate. We can illustrate our method by explaining how we went about the task of finding how much was left by the father of someone who dies in, say, 1973.

A person's death certificate gives enough information in most cases to trace his birth entry, which records his father's name but not, of course, his date of death. So we could only find the value of the father's estate by systematically searching through up to eighty years of probate records. This was a very laborious task for all but the relatively small proportion whose ancestry was already documented in directories of the élite, such as *Burke's Peerage* and *Who's Who*. The hardest cases were persons with very common names, where we had difficulty both in establishing the father's name and in deciding which of many possible estates was the correct one.

In such difficult cases we wrote for help to relatives, executors and solicitors of the deceased. Surprisingly, perhaps, we experienced a very high degree of cooperation. (A mere 3 per cent wrote back objecting to the enquiry – one ostensibly because we had omitted to use the title Lt. Col!) The outcome was that by using all methods we succeeded in tracing over 95 per cent of predecessors' estates – implying a fair degree of confidence in the statistical results which follow.

The detailed findings of our research are extensive and are contained in our book[1] but the most interesting results are probably those relating to the sample of 'Top Wealth Leavers' – those persons in the top 0.1 per cent of the population who, in today's prices, left roughly £500,000 or more. This group of people probably account for something like 15 per cent of the personally held wealth in Britain.[2] The importance of these people's fathers' wealth can be seen in the graph. (For

[1] *Inheritance and Wealth Inequality in Britain*, C. D. Harbury and D. W. M. N. Hitchens, George Allen & Unwin, 1979

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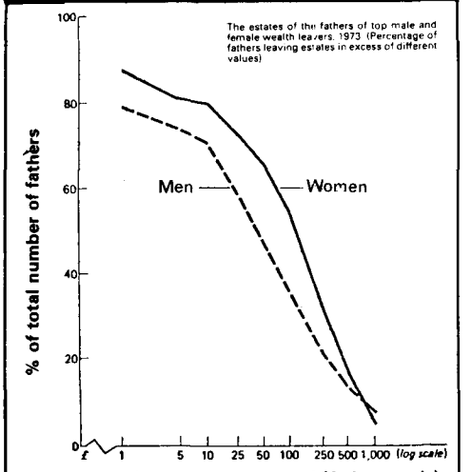
How rich was your father?


The estates of the fathers of top male and female wealth leavers, 1973. (Percentage of fathers leaving estates in excess of different values)
% of total number of fathers
100
80
60
40
20
0
Men
Women
£ 1 5 10 25 50 100 250 500 1,000 (log scale)

Father's estate in excess of (£ thousands). Constant prices.

Rich women: their family background

Size of father-in-law's estate	Size of father's estate: Over £100,000	Over £50,000	Over £25,000
Over £100,000	27%	25%	27%
Over £50,000	45%	44%	44%
Over £25,000	59%	59%	60%
Sample size	58	73	88

The graph shows the size of the estates of the fathers of rich people who died in 1973. The table shows the proportion of married rich people dying in the same year who had both rich fathers and rich fathers-in-law. All values at 1956 prices. See text for further explanation.

technical reasons all prices are expressed in 1956 values: to get a rough correspondence with today's prices, multiply by about five.)

The graph shows the percentage of rich men and women (who died in 1973) whose fathers left estates of varying amounts. For example, the graph shows that about 80 per cent of Top male Wealth Leavers had fathers worth more than £1,000 and about 10 per cent had fathers leaving more than £1 million. The general conclusion than can be drawn about inheritance for these rich people is that about half of the men and two-thirds of the women had fathers who left more than £50,000 – a figure which is no more than a benchmark on which to focus attention and which is, remember, worth £250,000 in today's money. A lower benchmark of £25,000 for fathers shows that three-fifths of rich men and three-quarters of rich women came themselves from rich families. This benchmark would still put their fathers well within the richest five per cent of the population of their day.

The importance of inheritance as a means to wealth can be put in perspective in a different way. Suppose there was no systematic relationship at all between the wealth of fathers and sons, so that it was a matter of pure chance for an individual whether he had a rich father or not – as might be the case, for example, if the tax system prevented fathers from handing on any to their children. In such circumstances it is possible to estimate the probability of having a father worth more than £50,000. It works out as something well under one per cent, whereas we have seen that roughly half the men and nearly two-thirds of the rich women had fathers who left at least this amount of wealth. Without question, the firmest conclusion to emerge from this study is that inheritance is the major determinant of wealth inequality.

MOST INHERITANCES clearly come in direct line from people's fathers but there are, of course, many other routes by which people acquire gifts or bequests of capital, both from other members of their family and from people outside the family. In an attempt to quantify this we came across some cases of considerable concentration of wealth within families. More or less by accident, while searching for a certain individual, we chanced to find no fewer than ten members of the Wills family who died in the first half of the century leaving estates of more than £2 million. An extract from their family tree is shown opposite[3] (again, figures are in the same constant prices). The picture it gives must be understood to be incomplete and arbitrary in the sense that a family may be extended almost indefinitely either horizontally within a generation or vertically backwards in time. The Wills 'wealth tree' should be seen almost as a piece of casual empiricism, but it does show something of the socio-economic relationships that may typify certain wealthy families.

Examination of the wealth tree which we constructed reveals that four of the grandsons of Henry Wills (all of whom died in 1909-1911) left well over £10 million each. Their sisters left comparatively little and the fortunes of their descendants reflect this. But the experience of the male descendants shows how remarkably resilient wealth is over time. The richest member of the family – Henry Overton III Wills died in 1911, leaving £21,724,910 (see family tree). One of his great grandsons, who died in 1945, left £1,357,755. The experience of the Wills family – in which fortunes are broken up, but within families – provides powerful support for the view that much of the apparent increase in the equality of wealth holdings in recent years has been the result of redistribution within families.[4]

More precision about 'inter-family inheritance' in the widest sense is available on the subject of wealthy fathers-in-law. Our study confirmed that some men did acquire wealth by 'marrying the boss's daughter' – about one in seven of those who would be classed as 'self-made' on the evidence of fathers' wealth alone. (The benchmark used was to classify as 'self-made' those whose fathers left less than £25,000 in 1956-57 prices.) However, some of these who were reclassified from self-made to inheritors clearly started off with other kinds of advantages. Take, for example, the wealthy diplomat son of an Oxford professor (who left a mere £2,000) and who married the daughter of a wine shipper who had left nearly a quarter of a million.

Women own about 40 per cent of total personal wealth. As the graph shows, substantially more rich women than men had wealthy fathers. The proportions are even greater for spinsters but most married women had rich fathers, rich husbands, or both. And, as might be expected, only a tiny minority (5 per cent at most) could be classified as self-made in any entrepreneurial sense. Our study did, of course, refer to women who died in 1973 and there may well be more self-made women in the business community at present.

There is evidence that in the top socio-economic groups there is a strong tendency for people with the same physical and social characteristics to marry one another.[5] There is some evidence that this is also true for wealth size classes. The table shows the association between fathers' and father-in-laws' wealth for 88 married 'top wealth holders'. (The figures are cumulative percentages of the numbers in each column.) For instance, the first column shows that 27 per cent of this group of married 'top wealth holders' had both fathers and fathers-in-law who left £100,000 and, in the last column, 60 per cent had fathers and fathers-in-law with estates worth over £25,000 each. Remembering that a minimum wealth of £25,000 puts an individual among the richest 5 per cent of the population we can conclude that some three-fifths of the sons and daughters of the rich chose to marry partners from other rich families.

What are the implications of this evidence of the great importance of inheritance for economic policy? They depend on the attitude you take to equality and incentives, compared with that towards the freedom for individuals to benefit their children (and others of their choice) regardless of any 'privilege' this bestows upon them. Sir Geoffrey Howe is known to be considering changes in capital taxes as part of the budget he is currently preparing. Given that the Government is concerned with incentives and efficiency, a sensible course of action might be to try and improve the chances of building a fortune for those without the advantage of coming from wealthy families. One of the best ways of doing so would be to switch to an accessions tax levied progressively on a donee over his or her lifetime. Such a tax would have the additional advantage that it could maintain the current yield of Capital Transfer Tax with lower marginal tax rates. The extra administrative costs should be small compared with the advantages of a proposal that improved incentives and also increased equality of opportunity.

[2]See estimates in *Distribution of Personal Wealth in Britain*, A. A. Atkinson and A. J. Harrison, Cambridge University Press, 1978

[3]We are most grateful to B. W. F. Alford for allowing us to see his detailed family tree of the Wills family. The complete wealth tree which we constructed is published in our book. Copies of similar trees on the Courtaulds and Pilkington families are available from us.

[4]See A. B. Atkinson, *Unequal Shares*, Allen Lane, 1972

[5]D. A. Colman in R. Chester and J. Peel (eds), *Equalities and Inequalities in Family Life*, Academic Press, 1977

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DEVELOPMENT
Geoff Lamb

Brandt's Commission overlooks the escalating 'cold war'

Politics of survival

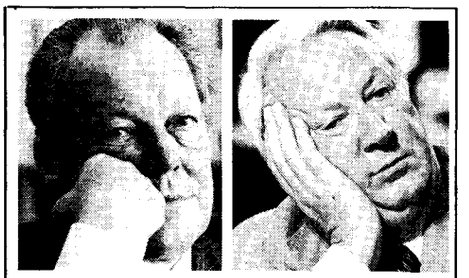
THE 'PROGRAMME for world survival' which Willy Brandt presented to the UN Secretary General this week is a reasonable and progressive case for re-ordering the capitalist world economy, and drawing the Third World (and the Eastern bloc) into it on fairer terms. That ought to be enough to send it down Western governments' collective dumper to join proposals by Unctad, UNIDO, the Group of 77, etc – perhaps with a favourable editorial or two to ease its passage out of decision-makers' consciousness. (When the US delegate to last week's UN Industrial Development Organisation conference was asked to name a figure for his country's contribution to a proposed Third World industrialisation fund, he crisply replied, 'Zero'; while the British told journalists not to ask their chap any questions because the subject of the conference wasn't his field).

It's just possible, however, that the Brandt Commission will receive better treatment. The alarm about the world economy which it conveys very powerfully is widely shared – most urgently, perhaps, by international bankers and some Third World governments. Since it is the threat of collapse of the world financial system which dominates the Brandt proposals, it may in fact be just such an unlikely alliance, of finance capital and the middle-income developing countries which will prod the international community into action where so many previous initiatives have failed.

In the short term, it is now widely acknowledged that the international banks are not going to be able to recycle the enormous oil surpluses resulting from 1979 price rises back to the deficit developing countries, as they did after the 1974 increases. The sums are just too large, the problems too political, and the banks' positions already too exposed in the most important deficit countries. But the recycling will have to happen nevertheless – or else the economies of large and important countries such as Brazil/Turkey, Portugal and Korea may suffer catastrophically, and the major banks be faced with substantial and possibly escalating debt default.

THE 'EMERGENCY programme' for 1980-85 which the Brandt Commission proposes has at its centre a large-scale transfer of resources to developing countries, with provision for financing the debts and deficits of middle-income countries. At the same time, the Commssion points out that it is no use lending the fast-growing developing countries more money to stop them defaulting, if they are then not permitted to export the goods to repay their debts. It is a familiar argument against protectionism, and one which Brandt acknowledges runs against short-term political pressures in many industrialised countries.

It is possible, though unlikely, that the urgency of the world financial crisis (and the political interests that the crisis calls forth) may be effective against protectionist pressure: if so, some of Brandt's arguments will be useful. The Report shows that the loss of jobs in the North due to imports from the South has been very small indeed, and a tiny fraction of the job loss due to technical progress. At the same time, dependence of the rich countries on exports to the South is growing: in 1977, Japan, the US and the EEC sent more than one third of their exports to the Third World, while in the US, for example, one job in twenty is in production for export to the developing countries.



The Brandt Commission: Leader (left) and a colleague (right).

Baling out the developing countries requires action on a number of fronts. The Commission wants the World Bank to be allowed to lend up to twice its (recently augmented) capital base – that is, up to $160 billion – and it advocates a similarly expanded role for the Regional Development Banks in Africa, Asia and Latin America. It also argues that commercial lending to developing countries could be expanded above levels the banks currently consider 'prudential', if the World Bank and other international institutions could guarantee loans or co-finance.

The most 'political' of its financial proposals, however, concern the IMF and the creation of a new financing institution. The Commission endorses and extends current proposals to order the world monetary system by the gradual substitution of IMF Special Drawing Rights for dollars in international settlements, with more favourable allocation of SDRs to developing countries. The latter part of the proposal has not found much favour in the past. Neither is there likely to be much enthusiasm for the Commission's proposal that remaining IMF gold stocks (about 100 million ounces) could be used as collateral to raise development loans in financial markets, or else be gradually sold off; the interest on proceeds would then be used to subsidise IMF loans to provide semi-concessional finance for development. (Current IMF thinking is to use the gold as partial backing for substitution account SDRs).

The Commission has a fairly robust attitude to the IMF generally, in contrast to the timidity of most orthodox commentary. It echoes the Fund's own words about the need to 'pay due respect to the domestic, social and political objectives of member countries' and points out that, by contrast, the rigorous policy conditions attached to IMF loans can have very serious effects on developing countries. The longer period of adjustment by borrowers advocated by the Commission is a mild corrective: more important is its proposal for a new funding institution which would in effect reduce the influence of the Fund over its developing member countries.

The new institution is intended to provide 'programme lending' – loans for a country's entire development programme, rather than for single projects or for short-term balance of payments support. Funding for the new institution (which is likely to be stoutly resisted by the World Bank and the Fund, unless it is their offshoot) and for other development lending should, in the Commission's view, be increasingly 'automated' – that is, produced by a system of international taxation on countries, and levies of various sorts on international trade.

THERE MAY INDEED be an international political constituency for measures to stave off imminent financial collapse such as those Brandt suggests. That constituency may be broadened – among developed and developing countries – if the proposals include agreement on phasing and stabilising real oil price increases (one of the most widely publicised Brandt proposals). But the Commission argues in addition for the net transfer of massive real resources in order to combat poverty and to effect long-term changes in the world economic order – and proposes (quite rightly) that the scale of finance requires not only a doubling of aid but 'automaticity' in collecting it. There doesn't seem a chance that any industrialised country or oil producer is going to buy that package, without so many conditions as to negate its purpose of stable, predictable and greatly increasing shares of world resources going to poor countries.

But the 'poverty belt' countries of Asia and Africa are much, much less important in the world economy: most of them don't produce oil or other scarce commodities. They are not so heavily involved in the private international payments system and, except in a few cases, they are not very large consumers of western exports. The call for economic reform in the interests of India, Ethiopia, Mali or Bangladesh therefore doesn't exactly line the big battalions up behind it, despite the impeccable arguments about poverty and human needs which the Commission carefully documents. The summit of world leaders which Brandt calls for may indeed discuss the plight of the poorest countries, if it takes place: but it will be far more worried by countries with GNPs of $2000 per head than those with $200.

This is a major and probably unavoidable contradiction in the Commission's approach. The Report seems in a sense to have been drafted in another world (the world of 1979!), with its insistence on detente, on interdependence and on the profligate waste of the arms race. Yet the ugly reality is that really poor countries, in 1980 and the years in prospect, are more likely to get increased rich-country assistance as they become enmeshed in great political and military conflicts, rather than to benefit from sensible and enlightened international agreement. Bangladesh or Pakistan would always get development assistance, for the usual mix of motives: it takes special and unpleasant political developments, however, for the odious General Zia to be able to call a $400m. American military-economic package 'peanuts'. On present evidence, there is likely to be more of that sort of 'development' and change in the 1980s than the sort for which Willy Brandt and his colleagues so persuasively argue.

North-South: a Programme for Survival. The Report of the International Commission on Development Issues. To be published as a Pan paperback on 7 March.

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Oslo Notebook

Fred Halliday

IN THE ART NOUVEAU 'Theatre Café,' the decor is probably much as it was when Ibsen held court here after his return to Oslo in the 1890s. Now it is a fashionable meeting-place, where an anxious politician holds forth to me about the problems that Norway's new oil wealth has brought. The country – just over four million people – needs to produce only one million barrels a day for its own domestic and foreign exchange needs; but strong, if covert, pressure is being put to make sure the level nears 2 million barrels instead. This will lessen the West's vulnerability to the Middle Eastern producers; but for Norway it means a rising debt to finance the capital expenditure involved, and in the longer run fears of a huge oil income sapping the Lutheran work ethic.

This friendly pressure crops up in other aspects of oil policy. A few weeks ago the Norwegian Oil Ministry was surprised to receive a letter from the US authorities enjoining them not to follow OPEC and raise their prices again. And, like Mexico, Norway is prevented from actually joining OPEC by pressure from NATO and its western trading partners. The Norwegians now regret the favourable concessions they gave Phillips Petroleum in the 1960s for the Ekofisk field but there seems little they can now do. 'Unlike the OPEC countries, we Norwegians believe in the sanctity of contracts', my interlocutor lamented.

The oil issue has, even more than nuclear energy, led to the growth of an ecology movement, whose campaign slogan *Olje Eller Fisk* (Oil or Fish) can be seen on many a wall and lapel. A more enigmatic message is *Husk Bravo*. 'Husk' means 'Remember' and 'Bravo' is the offshore oil rig that had a blowout resulting in considerable damage to the environment. Bravo blew just a few weeks after the Minister of Energy, Mr Bjartmar Gjerde, had dismissed fears of such an occurrence based on statistical probability. 'It's like a woman with three children saying that her fourth will be Chinese, just because every fourth child in the world is a Chinese one' he said. Mr Gjerde still has his job.

THE LANGUAGE ISSUE is a very charged one, both indulgently parochial and robustly cosmopolitan. The revival of an authentic 'Norwegian' language was a very important part of the growth of the nationalist movement in the nineteenth century — Norway only gained independence from Denmark in 1905. But whilst considerably philological effort went into distinguishing Norwegian from Swedish and Danish, no unified language could be developed for the country itself, so that there are now two official idioms – Riksmal, spoken in the populated south-east and the language of most media, and Ny Norsk, or New Norwegian, spoken in the western coastal regions. Twenty-five per cent of all radio and television programmes are supposed to be in New Norwegian – which is, as one would expect, in fact the *old* language – and although this does not occur the two idioms are used interchangeably on the same programmes: a TV interviewer can ask a question in Riksmal and get an answer in Ny Norsk. Indeed not only are these two understood by all Norwegians, but so too are Swedish and Danish, and on the 40-minute nightly news programme interviews in these four tongues, plus subtitled English are used indiscriminately.

Norwegian literature receives a strong impulsion from the state, which is committed to buying one thousand copies of all creative works of literature by Norwegian writers. But recent controversies underline the continuity of official puritanism. Cinemas are all owned by the local municipalities and enforce strict controls: *The Life of Brian* has been banned for profanity. A university lecturer who last autumn suggested that Jesus had been the son of Joseph not God was the object of public vilification and the most frequent expletive in contemporary Norwegian invokes the devil. There are no bars at all, public drinking being confined to cafes, restaurants and hotels, and quite a large part of the country is completely dry.

Yet other social policies are rather more enlightened. After a major public campaign in the early 1970s, in which it became an election issue, abortion is now almost freely available, the necessary doctor's assent being largely a formality and the cost being borne by the state. The nineteenth century women's leader Camilla Collet is recorded in a heroic statue that stands but a few yards from the walls of the King's palace, and in the mural in the town hall depicting the rise of the Norwegian labour movement a central figure is Osta Hansteen, a feminist trades union leader who led the first strike of industrial workers, involving women match workers, in the 1870s. Today, Norway has a flourishing women's movement and feminist literature.

THE NORWEGIAN LABOUR Party — DNA — is a rather different animal from its British counterpart. Although, like the Labour Party, very much the creation of the trades union movement, it retains a strong workerist ideology. Nordli, the present premier, is an accountant by profession but all previous DNA prime ministers have been workers with no more than primary education, and the party has been shaken by a recent conflict over the erosion of traditional policies. In late January Tor Aspengren, a powerful trades union leader, resigned from the DNA's central committee: this was in protest at the appointment as State Secretary for Information of Per Vassbotn, a journalist who was not a member of the party.

The DNA was originally dominated by anarcho-syndicalism (a current normally associated with France, Andalucia and other southern climes) and the dominant figure in the party was for many years Martin Tranmael, a charismatic housepainter. Tranmael even took the DNA into the Communist International and it was, in the early 1920s, the only Comintern party to have the support of the majority of the working class in its country. But Tranmael took the DNA out again in 1923 and since then the pro-Soviet Communist Party, the NKP, has, except in the immediate postwar period, been a small group. It received 0.5 per cent of the vote in the last election and seems now to be wavering over Afghanistan. In between the DNA and the communists is the Socialist Election Alliance, the SV, founded on a strong pacifist, anti-EEC and radical socialist programme and now with two delegates in parliament. Norway also boasts perhaps the strongest Maoist party in western Europe: militant on ecological issues, somewhat critical of China, it too received 0.5 per cent in the last elections. Its membership is largely made up of proletarianised former students, and students nowadays find it hard to join. Trotskyism seems not to have taken root in Norway; the large green house on St Olaf's street where Trotsky lived during part of his Norwegian exile in 1935 has become the headquarters of the Socialist Alliance.

IN THE ONLY NATO COUNTRY, apart from Turkey, to share a common border with the USSR, alarm about Soviet troop concentrations around Murmansk is a common trope in the press. It is forbidden to take photographs at the airport and the Norwegian Olympic Committee has been one of the first to support the call for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics. Yet Norway allows no foreign forces to be stationed permanently on its soil and there is a strong pacifist tradition in the country – reflected in the earlier DNA and now in the Socialist Alliance party. The German Marxist Rudolf Bahro was astonished on a recent visit to see guards outside the King's palace waving at a group of visiting schoolchildren, and up to 15 per cent of all conscripts for national service opt to serve as conscientious objectors elsewhere. A striking new problem the armed forces face is that of single-parent fathers who bring their children with them to the barracks and for whom facilities have to be provided.

The limits of official tolerance on this matter seem, however, to have been reached with the case of Nils-Petter Gleditsch, a researcher at the Olso Peace Research Institute who published a report on electronic surveillance in Norway. Gleditsch revealed the position of surveillance stations used for monitoring nuclear submarines and communications inside Russia. He argued that all the information needed to compile this list was available in public sources, and that the stations could be seen from normal roads. The one exception is a radio tower at Viksjofjell – but it is plainly visible from within the USSR itself. The issue is particularly sensitive because although Norwegian personnel are used – around a thousand men recruited from wireless operators who have left the merchant navy – they are in effect acting on the instructions of the American National Security Agency. Gleditsch, the son of two members of the wartime resistance, expects to come for trial in the autumn.

THE RECESSION still has to bite fully in Norway. Unemployment last year averaged 1.4 per cent, and inflation is only 3.25 per cent. But there is now an almost complete ban on immigration and the immigrant community, mainly around 16,000 Pakistanis, has been the object of racist abuse. The last flight back to London on a Friday is crammed with skilled workers attached to the oil industry going home for the weekend. *Husk Bravo* indeed.

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LATIN AMERICA
Paul Pickering

Human rights are sacrificed to maintain stability – and old 'friends'

Carter's double standards

WHILE PRESIDENT CARTER wallows in every and any opportunity to condemn Moscow's invasion of Afghanistan, his staff are trying to paper over the cracks in his human rights policy in Latin America. He is also having to turn a blind eye to some of the worst excesses of the *caudillos* – corrupt strongman dictators – to maintain stability in the area.

Major changes in the ambassadorial ranks show a cosmetic concern. Current US Ambassador to Paraguay, Robert White, replaces the conservative Frank J. Devine as Ambassador to El Salvador. White built up a reputation as a human rights campaigner in Paraguay, at one point cutting off military aid to President General Alfredo Stroessner.

In Mexico Dr Julian Nava – who championed bilingual education as head of the Los Angeles school board – replaces Patrick Lucey, pleasing the oil-rich government. Two ambassadors with weak human rights track records are expected to be replaced in the near future: Marvin Weissman in Costa Rica and Raul Castro in Argentina. Castro in particular distinguished himself on 14 October 1978, when he told the Argentinian press he was more interested in local cuisine than human rights.

The changes are meant to keep the halo of human rights from falling around Carter's ears; to give an illusion of a 'human rights policy'. Indeed in the case of Robert White there may be a more sinister motive behind the move. It is thought that the embassy will now revert to its former role as the CIA's major listening post on the sub-continent and that whoever is chosen as ambassador will be an Agency man. Shadowy characters will again gather round the embassy pool, the best place to see humming birds in Paraguay. Many of the spooks will wrily recall that Carter railed at Ford's support for the tin horn dictators and said that human rights was the soul of Latin American foreign policy for the US.

But this ploy had its genesis not in Georgia but in the almost revivalist fervour of certain sections of Congress after they discovered the extent of the Nixon administration's involvement in the overthrow of Allende. Carter's 'new' human rights policy was more of a reaction to the renewed attitude towards human rights in both houses than a reaction to what was happening in the countries themselves.

Former congressman Ed Koch – now Mayor of New York – probably began this initiative when he started to expose the repressive regime in Uruguay in 1975, supported by the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs sub-committee on International Organisations, Don Fraser, who brought the excesses in Argentina, El Salvador, Chile, Guatemala and Paraguay into the limelight. But recently, each time that Congressman Tom Harkin has introduced bills that would stop public funds going to the World Bank, Inter-American Development Bank and the Exim Bank, if they fund repressive regimes, he has been openly opposed by Carter. And almost incredibly Carter has put only minimal pressure on the Pinochet regime in Chile to extradite Manuel Conteras – former head of the Chilean secret police DINA, who with two accomplices has been indicted for the murder of exiled leader and former ambassador Orlando Letelier in 1976 in Washington, DC. There are no plans to bring private bank loans in line with human rights standards even though Kennedy has introduced a bill to force US private lenders to disclose loans to rogue regimes.

IN CHILE while there has been no re-run of the vicious violations of 1975-76, last year showed an alarming increase in political violence. A report compiled by the independent human rights group, the Council for Hemispheric Affairs, states in a report published this month that there were more than 2,000 illegal arrests in 1979 and at least a dozen assassinations. The report also itemises instances of torture.

Another attack on civil liberties – no doubt close to the heart of the recent Thatcher-appointed ambassador John Heath – is the right of employers to declare a strike deadlocked after 60 days, and then sack the workforce without compensation. This is one of the measures introduced to keep labour costs low to attract increased foreign, mainly American, investment. The 'economic aid' would hardly cover the public relations expenses to date – Chile employs the New York PR firm of Marvin Leibman Inc.

Argentina – top of the list of human rights violators – has to spend more money on Madison Avenue. They pay Burson Marsteller around $1 million ($848,000 in 1978) a year to improve their image. BM, to their credit, have tried to counsel the Argentines to be less anti-semitic and refrain from the more obvious excesses. These include, at a conservative estimate, 10,000 political prisoners and 15,000 people who have just disappeared without trace. In 1978, a $270 million loan via the Exim bank to finance the purchase of turbines from the Allison Chalmers Corporation was blocked on human rights grounds. But the administration gave in to pressure that this would cost American jobs and the business community knew Carter would accept a flexible approach to human rights.

But despite US loans the Argentine is going ahead with grain sales to the USSR. The Argentine government have for the moment suspended the grain exchange. The US government will have to support their own farmers' prices and thus in supporting the world price will support the Argentine market. So closing the market was more an astute move to stop the price structure deteriorating than a reaction to Soviet troop movements. The Soviets bought 961,000 metric tons of wheat in 1978 and $446.7 million worth of Argentinian goods in all.

URUGUAY COMES NEAR to Argentina. It has the highest per capita detention in Latin America, including a presidential candidate from the last elections, Dr Liber Seregni. The country's strong man dictator Gen. Queirolo has also stopped arresting people on political charges, as the Carter administration frowns on political prisoners. Now the unfortunate who is tortured in Montevideo's Libertad prison has usually been picked up on a minor criminal offence.

This delightful technique is also used by General Alfredo Stroessner of Paraguay. As in Argentina Carter's human rights policy has had some strange results, namely drug smuggling, prostitution and the safe exit for the odd murderer. The US Immigration and Naturalisation service has been investigating, among other things, how in the past four years the town of Caraguatay (pop c. 2,000) has lost 500 residents, mostly girls. These girls apply to the US embassy in Asunción for tourist visas to visit Disneyland in Florida; they end up in New York as illegal immigrants and prostitutes. They are also thought by the US Drug Enforcement Agency to be part of a heroin smuggling 'Latin Connection' protected by General Andres Rodriguez and head of the Department of Investigations Pastor Coronel, the two most powerful men in Paraguay besides the president. The worrying thing is how easily these girls, and former secret policeman Americo Peña, obtained visas – Peña while under indictment for the brutal murder of a 17-year-old youth whom he tortured to death and dumped on his father's doorstep. It may be that the climate of 'human rights' created a soft line on visas which has allowed a country whose economy is based on contraband to make a fool of Carter.

Former American-backed dictator of Nicaragua, Anastasio Somoza, has found a refuge in Paraguay and Stroessner is trying to attract Rhodesians and South Africans (white and preferably German) to settle. He has just opened an information office in the German town of Windhoek in Namibia to attract new colonists. Links were forged by the visit of Vorster to Paraguay in 1975 and the South Africans have been financing the new Paraguayan Palace of Justice (sic). This has not been going too well as the Supreme Court Administrator Blas Luis Benitez has been insisting on blank invoices. When 649,940 Guarani (about £26,000) was found to be missing by a German timber contractor Willie Hildebrand, not only did the state prosecutor, Clotido Benitez, not proceed, but Willie was made to retract his statement before the Supreme Court. A favourite way of obtaining a confession or retraction is to immerse the manacled victim in excrement so he slowly suffocates, deep in the cellars of the Department of Investigations.

ARGUABLY ONE of the reasons for relying on dictators like Stroessner, who has maintained anti-communist stability in Paraguay for 25 years, is the situation in the Caribbean. Nicaragua, Grenada and El Salvador have made America reach for old-fashioned men and old-fashioned policies. 'In Guatemala nothing is cheaper than human life and more than 1,000 people have been killed for political reasons in the past 12 months including the Mayor of Guatemala City and the Deputy, Alberto Fuentes Mohr; these all bear the imprint of the presidential palace,' said Laurie Birns of the COHA. 'President Romeo Garcia does not have one redeeming feature.' Yet Carter sends military aid to a country which uses the *Mano Blanco* (white hand), CIA-trained Cuban exiles to staff its murder squads. The COHA report cites Costa Rica

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and Venezuela as good on human rights, Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru as improving and the rest in various stages from bad to barbaric.

It also seems to be Carter doctrine – shades of JFK – that if a country leans to the Left it is abandoned. This has happened in the case of Grenada where Maurice Bishop used reggae as much as Marxism to foster a casual 'revolution' which removed the bizarre leader Sir Eric Gairy but has put little in his place. Carter gave the island the cold shoulder forcing it more and more into the Cuban fold – Canada alone has continued a $7.4 (Canadian) dollar programme for the island. Carter was inviting a self-fulfilling prophecy in assuming that a Marxist state was in the offing – Grenada voted against the UN resolution on Russian withdrawal from Afghanistan.

A wry editorial in the Buenos Aires *Herald* once said: 'To rephrase that notorious remark by Andrew Young, the Cuban presence in Africa may have a stabilising effect on Latin America.' Carter's pre-occupation with Iran and Afghanistan and lack of a clear code of human rights in Latin America have given the dictators of the sub-continent a unique chance to extend the brutalities of pig-sty regimes.

LAW AND ORDER
John McVicar

'Supergrass' evidence ignored to keep John Regan in jail

Softening up the legal system

LAW-AND-ORDER LOBBYISTS claim that professional criminals frequently avoid conviction by exploiting what the present Director of Public Prosecution has called our legal system's 'excessively solicitous' attitude toward the accused. Generally they go on to advocate a tightening up of the rules governing arrest and trial. Off the record, some will even argue that 'since the system favours the criminal', policemen and judges are justified in bending the rules.

This is a proposition upon which John Regan has had five years to reflect, in his cell in Parkhurst jail. For he has remained inside despite the fact that, before his trial, two 'supergrasses' gave the police the names of those who actually committed the crimes he was charged with. Yet evidence from the same two 'supergrasses' was considered reliable enough in cases where it suited the Crown to put some 40 of their former associates away for a total of 500 years.

On 20 July 1971, a Post Office van was robbed of £80,000 in Portsmouth; a week later, £30,000 of silver coin was stolen from a lorry hijacked after leaving the Freightliner depot at Kings Cross. In 1975, John Regan was convicted of both robberies and sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

As early as 1973, supergrass 'Bertie' Smalls told Wembley Robbery Squad how his 'firm' had done the Portsmouth robbery. Later he gave evidence against those responsible – and John Regan was not among them. Care was taken, though, to ensure that Regan never learnt about this before his trial. He was tried simultaneously on both robberies. Indeed, the cornerstone of the prosecution's case at his trial was that the Portsmouth and Kings Cross robberies were committed by the same firm and that Regan was the master planner in both. The effect of this linkage was to make every piece of evidence against Regan on one robbery count against him on the other.

Regan appealed – armed now with Smalls' confession. The Appeal Court quashed his conviction on the Portsmouth robbery but upheld his conviction and sentence (15 years) on the Kings Cross one. At the hearing, the Crown conceded the facts of Smalls' confession and admitted that, but for the connection which they were able to establish between Regan and the Kings Cross robbery, 'they would not have had sufficient evidence to connect him with the Portsmouth robbery'. But the Appeal Court discounted the possibility that any weakness of evidence against him on the Portsmouth robbery made the Kings Cross verdict unsafe. It also dismissed the possibility that the jury might have reached another verdict if they had heard Smalls destroy the unchallenged assumption that both robberies had been committed by the same firm and that Regan was a prime mover in both.

John Regan

Smalls not only named the Portsmouth robbers but also gave an explanation for a damning piece of evidence against Regan on that charge. There was forensic evidence linking the robbers' hideout to some holiday flats partly owned by John Regan. Another part-owner, though, was his cousin, Micky Regan. In 1972, Micky Regan had been convicted of dishonestly handling part of the proceeds of the Portsmouth robbery. Smalls' statement explains how this money came to be in Micky Regan's possession:

> . . . I would like to mention a meeting which took place at the 'A & R' club . . . prior to the robbery. I was in the club with Micky Salmon and also present was Micky Regan . . . Both Micky Salmon and Micky Regan had a conversation out of my hearing but in my presence and after some time Micky Salmon said to me that he had laid on a flop in Portsmouth . . . We all got about 12½ grand each, four thousand was taken by Micky Salmon and given to Micky Regan for allowing us the use of the flat.

JOHN REGAN'S APPEAL was heard in February 1977; in November of last year, he discovered that before his 1975 trial the police had also known the true identity of the Kings Cross robbers through a statement made by another supergrass, Maurice O'Mahoney, at Chiswick Police Station as early as July 1974. In May 1979, Regan's solicitor took this further statement from O'Mahoney:

> About eight years ago I became friendly with a man called John Thorne. Between 1971 and 1974 I participated in several armed robberies with him, and numerous hijackings. Thorne is now serving a sentence of 15 years as a result of evidence I gave inplicating him in a series of armed robberies . . . (As a result of my association with Thorne) I learnt the names of his criminal associates . . . I cannot recall the dates but I believe it was in 1972 or 1973 that he told me about some bullion robberies which were hijacked just outside railway depots at Kings Cross and Stratford . . . Thorne told me that these robberies were carried out by his 'team' that is Terry Marks, (Aden) Smith and Cook . . .

Although O'Mahoney has the dates wrong, British Transport Police confirm that the two bullion hijackings referred to in O'Mahoney's statement are the only ones committed between 1970 and 1973. O'Mahoney had clearly exonerated John Regan from being involved in the Kings Cross robbery.

Moreover, O'Mahoney gave an explanation for the most incriminating piece of evidence against John Regan on the Kings Cross charge. The 'A1 Stores' where the hijacked lorry was unloaded was partly owned by John Regan. Another part-owner, though, was Harry Smith – the brother of Aden Smith whom O'Mahoney named as being one of the Kings Cross robbers.

Under appellate law, new evidence which substantively alters the facts on which the jury convicted requires that the conviction be quashed or a re-trial ordered. But since John Regan only acquired the O'Mahoney evidence after his rights of appeal were exhausted, the only recourse left to him was to petition the Home Office.

Last November the Home Office rejected his petition. The reasons given are necessarily ludicrous, since there is no sound basis on which O'Mahoney's evidence can be explained away. At his trial, the case against Regan was solely circumstantial and probably only swung the jury because of the way the two robberies were said to have been committed by the same criminal gang. If the jury had heard Smalls' evidence, it's doubtful they would have convicted; if they had heard O'Mahoney's it would have been inconceivable.

The law enforcement officials might argue that if they denied John Regan real justice, at least they rendered him the 'poetic' kind: he had too many criminal relations and business partners; if he didn't commit the Kings Cross robbery, then his punishment for it was a just reward for other crimes he got away with. The problem is that by acquiescing in the methods used to put John Regan in prison, we settle for a certain kind of legal system. Today's law-and-order scandals – Blair Peach, Jimmy Kelly, Operation Countryman – could only have occurred in a system which had been softened up by malpractices of this kind.

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

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Westminster Diary

☐ Leadership talk is rife again, with Healey and Silkin joint favourites in Ian Mikardo's book at 13-8, trailed by Shore (3-1), Foot (5-2), Varley (13-2), Shirley Williams (11-1) and Hattersley (13-1). It's an *après*-Callaghan book, and everyone assumes the golden date will be November this year, when the PLP next appoints its leader: there is also an assumption that, in spite of the odds, Denis Healey will take it fairly easily – by a couple of lengths or so. I remain something of a sceptic. I have always felt that Jim's most likely successor was one J. Callaghan. I don't see age as any real barrier. Attlee stuck it out in the leadership till he was 72, which leaves Jim still a stripling. I suspect he may decide to hang on this autumn for much the same inimitable mixture of motives as induced him to do so two years ago. After all, something may turn up, with the government floundering about as it is at the moment. It looks like doing so for Trudeau. It did for Harold Wilson in 1974. Not that I go along with this wishful thinking about the Conservatives crumpling.

If they get in a real mess, they can always ditch Maggie – which makes Mikardo's *après*-Thatcher odds even more fascinating than the Labour ones. Heseltine, Howe, Joseph, Stevas, Walker, Whitelaw stuck on 10-1. Then Heath (8-1), Carrington (6-1) and Pym (11-2): and, wait for it, way out in front as favourite – Jim Prior at 7-2.

☐ The Education (No 2) Bill has limped its guillotined way through its final stages in the Commons this week. It's a real old rag-bag, 'freeing' local councils from their duties to provide school dinners and free transport, and then lumbering them with an appeals mechanism which will complicate 11-plus transfer into July and August each year: and then spending another £55m. on a new direct grant school system; and much, much else. The 'cuts' bits were dictated by the Treasury and much of the rest by Rhodes Boyson's personal prejudices about market forces in 11-plus transfer. He believes that all heads should be able to behave like he did at Highbury Grove, and scoop the pool, whatever the malign effects on other secondary schools in the area. What the bill does, without any doubt, is finally to dismantle that 'national system' which the 1944 Act enjoined the minister of education to create and supervise. This, more than anything else, could cause problems for the government in the House of Lords, where the guillotine is unknown and the '44 Act is still seen as a real contemporary Conservative achievement, rather than an out-of-date piece of Butskellist history, as it appears to Mrs T's right-wing radical clique. Moreover there are still five pre-64 ex-Tory education ministers in the Lords, and the grandest and oldest of them, Rab Butler, is already threatening to try to abort at second reading this monstrosity which threatens to destroy his greatest achievement.

Which naturally leads me on to the real abortion lobby, still in full spate, mums and grandmums one week, insistent libbers the next. I get nostalgic twangs of 1967, when I was on the committee of David Steel's bill. Then we were saying: 'Ignore the medical opposition, just be brave and reform the law.' Now the doctors have become miraculously converted, that's the anti-abortionists' battle cry. It's the only aspect of my opposition to Corrie that makes me feel a little uncomfortable at times.

☐ Clearly the current pacesetter at 'Openness' – as the civil service insist on continuing to euphemise it – is the NS with its weekly bugging revelations. With a little help from Col. B. and Mr Anthony Blunt, Duncan Campbell seems to have put the Official Secrets Act temporarily into abeyance. But running the NS a close second, are the new Commons Select Committees. Little by little they are prising information out of that can of Whitehall worms which was never half so forthcoming in the old days. The Manpower Services Commission first refused, and then acquiesced in making its corporate plan available to the Employment Committee; the Director of Public Prosecutions first refused, then agreed to appear before the Home Office Committee over deaths in police custody. The Department of Education is currently agonising over whether to make over an 80 page report on the efficiency of the University Grants Committee. I suspect that too will emerge before long. We have, on these committees, the ancient privilege of 'calling for persons and papers'. Just which folk and which documents we can command has never, happily, been precisely defined, and the present generation of mandarins seem disinclined to force a showdown. One or two, even, profess genuine conversion. Revelation might stall, they argue, all those Bennite allegations of Tory bias.

☐ I doubt if they will, if the experience of Alf Morris, ex-minister for the disabled, is anything to go by. When Reg Prentice stopped all work on the 'disablement costs allowance' Green Paper, as liable to 'raise false hopes', Alf decided to use his privilege to consult the files in order to 'refresh his memory'. The civil servants held him firmly down to their 'rules' – a set of flexible precedents, quite unsanctioned by Parliament. No research assistants, no xeroxing, no tape recorders, no taking anything away and, of course, no publication. Alf fondly hoped that in view of his position as chairman of a world-wide committee drawing up a 'Charter for the 1980s' for the disabled, Mrs T. might relent on this one. Not a bit of it. Herewith a piece of her prissy reply:

> As far as publication is concerned, the general rule must be that documents of a former Administration which have not been released or published during the period of that Administration, should not be released or published by a subsequent government, even at the request of a member of the former Administration. I believe that rule to be right and I do not propose to make an exception in the case of the papers you are referring to.

She was right to say the *general* rule. It did not apply to Churchill, who published during the Atlee government all his little wartime notes 'Pray do this' and 'Pray do that'. But then he was chronicling the causation rather than the amelioration of disability. So – memo to Renée Short (Chairman of the Health Select Committee). Pray send for these papers

☐ The other way such papers see the light of day is through those two modern aids to open government, the xerox machine and the plain brown envelope posted to the editor of the *Guardian* – or even the NS. Corporate loyalty and fear of blocked promotion used to make the arrival of such envelopes a rare occurrence; now they flow free and frequent. The old hierarchical control machinisms do not work any more. The civil service hierarchy always fascinated me during brief periods of access to these *arcana* as a parliamentary private secretary. The names of those destined to receive each document were always typed in a careful *salary-based* order of precedence in the right-hand top corner. Since, as a PPS, I was doing the job free, they never knew where to put me; some inserted me logically at the bottom, others with a natural sense of deference, between the junior minister and the permanent secretary, but most, in a quite separate column, outcast towards the left of the sheet, as a warning to all and sundry of spies in the camp. Now, moles are breeding everywhere and no document seems to be safe. After the most recent leak, Mrs Thatcher was quite touching: 'The customary inquiry will take place', she told us blandly. Drawing the customary blank.

☐ The BBC has asked me to go up to High Wycombe on Monday and tell their producers how to broadcast Parliament. I shall do so with pleasure. I voted against televising the place the other day for two reasons; I worked in the industry long enough to understand that the medium is a constant conflict between pictures and words – and that the pictures nearly always win. In the Commons, the picked nose, the scratched groin and the sleeping geriatric would always take precedence over the political ideas being expressed. But mainly, I just think radio is better. Not the public school antics of prime minister's question time which the BBC have sensibly scrapped; not the boiled-sweet-in-the-mouth 'Yesterday in Parliament' formula, which is hidebound by too many Reithian rules about what you can and can't do in slicing up the parliamentary tapes. The BBC has not yet begun to inject one iota of imagination into the broadcasting of Parliament. Paradoxically, that has been left to Capital Radio. So I end with a commercial. 'Party Pieces', 7.30, every Friday evening, alternating with my Tory colleague Kenneth Baker, is currently, I believe, the best fifteen-minute encapsulation of the week in Parliament. But than I suppose I'm prejudiced. At the very least on Monday, I hope to persuade the BBC to provide some competition.

Christopher Price

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Lord Denning noted that the Home Office accepted that the men were beaten up in the prison and that 14 warders charged with assault were later acquitted. 'This case shows what a civilised country we are,' he said. – *Guardian* (M. MacCarthy-Morrogh)

☐ Other neighbours look forward to meeting Mr Stonehouse, who was recently paroled after serving three years of a seven year sentence for theft, forgery and fraud. Next door neighbour Majeeb Adelakun, 45, said: 'It will put up the tone of the neighbourhood. I'm looking forward to meeting him. I'll be able to bang on the wall.' – *Daily Mail* (Madeleine Brent)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Cinematic theology

From Derek Malcolm

No one has said, in your current debate about cinema theology, that one of the chief reasons for the preponderance of semiotic orthodoxy in our universities and colleges is not its popularity with the students (many of whom are reacting against it much as those in art colleges did several years ago) but its hegemony within the Education Department of the British Film Institute. Those who wish to start film courses invariably write to the BFI for advice and help. The result is depressingly predictable – another down-the-line semiologist is trotted out for inspection and probable appointment. It is much to be hoped that Tony Smith, the new director of the BFI, will implement his promises to cut his department down to size, or at least open a few windows to fresh air.

I found Kevin Brownlow's article (NS 25 January) a bit hysterical all the same. It is not true that the choice is between semiological argument and more films like the Bill Douglas trilogy. The study of film is not the same as learning how to make movies, and there's surely room for both within our educational establishments. Besides, it is undeniable that semiology, even in its Marxist manifestation, has proved extremely valuable in redirecting our study of the comparatively young art of film.

What is true is that semiology, in the hands of its most rigid alumni, has become (a) virtually unintelligible, (b) Stalinist in outlook and (c) dismissingly selective of the work it deems worthy of study (Satyajit Ray, for instance, is a bourgeois élitist and thus ruled out of court. Bresson is simply an inadmissible European art director etc.). It is also true, however, that many of those influenced by semiology are beginning to be aware of this, and are changing their stance. We should be busy encouraging them to defeat the Stalinists, not trying to sweep under the carpet a movement that's certainly widened my own horizons, despite the ball-breaking endeavours of its most fanatical proponents to send one screaming towards the nearest fan magazine.

Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1

From Dr Iain Colley

Kevin Brownlow's self-confessed ignorance in the subject of semiology may qualify him as a polemicist, but not as reliable reporter. The errors in his article are manifold and can't be diagnosed in a single letter, but at least his fantasy of a Black Hand of mystified and mystifying pedants should be dispelled. Semiology is one input in Film Studies. There are others, equally or more important. All of them are constantly aired among teachers of film in a variety of institutions – as they were at last year's conference on Film and Media Studies in Higher Education – and so are the conceptual and linguistic difficulties which inevitably arise. That problems exist is not denied. But a semiotic capability is indispensable to the practice of 'reading' films – which do not operate like strictly verbal texts – and many students have profited from it.

West Midlands College of Higher Education, Gorway, Walsall

From Kevin Gough-Yates & Margaret Tarratt

Kevin Brownlow's concern that the new theorists have taken over the madhouse of 'film culture' deserves support. Those of us in film education, who have not accepted the premises of the movement or have not been accepted by it, know, to our cost, how difficult work can be made to be.

The British Film Institute's Education Advisory Service has been known to be unwilling to approve the award of grants to bodies which do not include Semiology as part of a higher education course. It has ignored applications from such universities, or rejected them without first passing them to the appropriate committee. It has wilfully destroyed an association of active film teachers, because, in its view, to diversify in film education is to weaken its strength as part of the vanguard for social change.

For this to be achieved, it is argued that the language which is applied to the cinema must be removed from the framework of bourgeois ideology. A new language is required, one which is technical, even deliberately impenetrable to comprehension, for this will help to alter our perception and understanding of the cinema and will therefore play its part in changing the world. But the great majority of semiological writings can, where they make sense, be put more simply.

Because of the new theorists' grip on film education facilities, we cannot ignore them. They must be confronted, not in order to prevent them from teaching and writing but in order to prevent them from taking this privilege away from others.

General Studies Department, University of Surrey, Guildford, Surrey

The memory of Goronwy Rees

From Andrew Boyle

For the benefit of readers who may have been misled by Richard Winkler's snide criticism of my conversations with the late Goronwy Rees on his death-bed (NS 1 February), a few background facts would not be out of order. First, the articles were intended by Rees for publication. They duly appeared in the *Observer*. Second, they drew partly on material in Rees's own memoir *A Chapter of Accidents* and in their original form the necessary 'quotes within quotes' were given. Rees and I consulted the book together. He had a copy by him. Third, Rees was well enough to read and approve, with minor amendments, the completed text of the first and rough draft of the second article. Fourth, as might have been expected of conversations lasting many hours, spread over several evenings, much more was said than was published. Fifth, it was also Rees's intention, had he lived longer, to revise *A Chapter of Accidents*, and to include in the revised version those very passages in my articles to which your correspondent takes exception as looking suspiciously like Boylesque inventions.

I wonder why Richard Winkler failed to acknowledge, incidentally, his own debt to Anthony Blunt. Perhaps he failed to notice that it was Blunt, a stickler for such bogus textual purity, who first pointed out the one important time-discrepancy in *A Chapter of Accidents* on which your correspondent lays undue emphasis. On p. 209 Rees certainly did write that his interview with MI5 took place 'next day', i.e. on the day following Blunt's unsuccessful attempt to dissuade him from going (28 May, not Winkler's 29 May). Had Blunt or even Winkler troubled to read on (p. 211), they would have found that this interview with MI5 could not have occurred until 7 June at the earliest. For, on emerging from MI5 headquarters, Rees 'saw the headlines in the evening papers announcing that two British diplomats had vanished into thin air'. Is it surprising that Mr Winkler has tumbled into the trap he laid for me?

c/o Hutchinson, 3 Fitzroy Square, London W1

Tyneside alliance?

From Mike Thomas MP

Any 'observer on Tyneside' would have to be very 'casual' indeed to regard Hilary Wainwright's description of a gathering in Newcastle of Militant, the CP, SWP, IMG and Audrey Wise (NS 1 February) as representing 'every major grouping on the Left'. The major grouping on the Left in Tyneside is the Labour Party and the vast majority of Labour voters and party members on Tyneside want nothing to do with any of these organisations. Hilary Wainwright and her IMG and Militant friends might care to remember as they discuss 'the socialist coalition' that, while they have been busy supping with the revolutionary fringe, the rest of us on the Left have been in the real world trying to win seats for Labour on the district and county councils and in Parliament, often with CP and SWP opposition.

House of Commons, London SW1

Sisterly plea

From Carol Worthington

The articles by Sheila Rowbotham (NS 21/28 December) and Sally Alexander & Barbara Taylor (NS 1 February) sum up what's wrong with feminist writing, not because of the views they put forward but because of their style. I did not understand what they were talking about, despite reading the articles several times, because I'm not in tune with this style of theoretical writing. If the leaders of the Women's Movement are serious in wanting social change then the Movement must be relevant to all women, which means us all understanding what is being said. Feminist writers could be making the running and developing a new style of writing for everyone. Many of us do want to know what is going on around us and why it is happening. We are not asking for 'cat sat on the mat' stuff, but we ought to be able to relate to the language used if we are to begin to gain knowledge.

25 Clifton Road. Exeter

Militant

From Hilary Barnard

Nick Bradley's determination to defend Militant against left-wing criticism and right-wing organisational attacks (NS 25 January) does not justify him knocking the mass membership and activities of continental socialist youth organisations. Only in some cases are all social democratic party members under 30 or 35 counted as members of the Party youth organisation. This is not the situation in Sweden, Finland or Norway – Patrick Wintour's examples. There the youth organisations have a separate membership. Few Party members will be found, however, who are not members of the youth organisation. It is also wrong to suggest that the membership of these organisations are predominantly passive. Norwegian and Dutch young socialists were in the forefront of opposition to the new NATO missiles programme, for example.

International Union of Socialist Youth, Noustiftgasse 3, Vienna

From Gordon Johnston

Nick Bradley in his 'astonished' response to Patrick Wintour's uncharacteristically crabbed treatment of Militant notes accurately enough the current Fleet Street witch-hunt against the Labour Left. One of the unfortunate legacies of such campaigns is that socialists of all persuasions respond to them by evading any serious discussion of the issues and principles which divide them. I take it that whether or not one chooses to work within the Labour Party is a tactical and not a theoretical question. I also accept that if there is to be a mass-based socialist movement in Britain then Marxism will be one of its main influences. It is manifest nonsense however to claim as Bradley does that 'Marxism . . . has been a significant component part of the Labour Party since its inception'; even a casual reading of conference reports and local party minutes should be enough to dispel that myth. One surely does not have to distort history in order to justify one's existence. In acknowledging the necessity of Marxism if the British socialist movement is to move on, the question is what form of Marxism are we talking about. As Bradley ought to know, Marxism is very much up for grabs; one thing it is certainly not about is the parroting of selected texts from Marx, Lenin, Trotsky *et al.* Some things it may be about are an analysis of the tenacity of the labourist tradition which does not take the easy way out by invoking 150 years of degenerate leadership, a serious consideration of what the reform/revolutionary dichotomy actually means in 1980, a discussion of how you go about planning for social need once you have dispensed with the vagaries of the market, a discussion of what form of socialist organisation can adequately deal with the tasks of mobilising and sustaining a mass-based socialist movement.

1A Newton Grove, Leeds

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

On your marks

I have sometimes wondered, in that spare ten minutes before my toad-in-the-hole has risen and assumed what some cookery articles refer to as 'crispy brownness', what would have happened if the *Titanic*, instead of striking that iceberg a glancing, though fatal, blow had simply gone absolutely full tilt into it. Would it have split the berg, sunk like a stone, exploded, crumpled up like a concertina or ridden up onto the ice and then toppled over sideways? A marine engineer or a ships' designer could, I suppose, give me some idea and I hope one day to bump into one such who can fill me in (two rather unfortunate and bad taste phrases in the circumstances). At all events, I just throw the matter out as a *pensée*.

Sitting happily here in Devon and pondering, as is my way, on this and other of the really important things in life – the deteriorating quality of your average doughnut, Angela Rippon's excitingly varied coiffures, whether dear Mrs Thatcher ever finds time for 'elevenses', the lethal nature or not of butter, and why all ex-prime ministers save one wear the same woebegone look of undertakers in a professionally thin year who have come to measure up for the coffin – I placidly ask myself whether it is verbally possible to be the opposite of overwrought, i.e. underwrought.

Naturally, I drop everything and hasten at once to my Chambers, an evocative name both for barristers and for schoolboys of fifty years ago ('Please, Matron, I've cracked my chamber'), and what do I find? There is 'underwrought' as large as life, even though, as the past tense of underwork, it is only found in *Shak.* and is therefore labelled *obs.* My Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary is, I don't need to tell you, the very latest and up-to-the-minute edition (1972) and boasts (by which I mean 'speaks proudly of') the very newest and highly specialised meanings of some words that I don't really much care about, such as capsule, dish, gutsy, kitsch and viable. And there is quite a lot of slang included – drop out, hang-up, uptight and whizz-kid, all words which here in this column make their first and last appearance, together with the, to me, totally unacceptable phrase which goes 'I had a gut reaction.' At all events from now on in, it is to be underwrought and unworked up that I am aiming at. No more flying off the handle. No more tetchy cries of 'Bother!' A new serenity is to be mine.

And it is in this mood of quiet acceptance that I recently wrote (no replies yet but these things take time) to my old friend of Cambridge days, Lord Killanin, and various others, offering our Devon village of Appleton for at least part of the Olympics, that part that concerns long-distance running or walking in stiffish and exacting conditions, and in all weathers. I have not yet approached our parish council about it but they are a charming assortment of elected residents of long standing and they would, I am confident, jump at the idea (and here, clutching my Chambers again, I hastily point out that I use the verb 'jump at' in the sense of 'accept with eagerness' rather than 'start with fright at', as in 'Goodness me, *how* she jumped!'). And the venue is in every way suitable. There are high hills for the hardy to run up and, subsequently, down. There are streams to leap and fords to ford and our Marathon would really be worthy of the name. To celebrate the Jubilee, a new room was added on to our already commodious village hall, the new addition being called, after some anxious thought, the 'Jubilee Room', and so there is heaps of space for the athletes to tog up in (obsessed with words as I have now become, I am asking myself what on earth the opposite of 'tog up' can be. Neither tog down nor tog off sounds quite right, or very nice).

As to accommodation at nightfall, I see in my mind's eye a tented enclosure down by the valley road and convenient for the River Teign and that healthful morning plunge. And as for food, Miss Entwhistle's *cuisine* is, and rightly, much admired for the exotic nature of its dishes (her stuffed cabbage Tahiti-style has been quite a local talking point for some time) and she would be fully equal to the challenge of providing, for those foreigners who cannot face life without them, such delicacies as borscht and pumpernickel and pumpkin pie. The Bultitudes, who spend so much of their time abroad, should be able to rattle off greetings in numerous foreign tongues, though I rather fear that they may regard it as being solely a fun occasion and go around waving bottles and shrieking 'Cheerioski!' I aim myself to be present at every event save that of fast walking which I regard as being the most idiotic and ugly form of competitive athletics ever invented, with the poor body seen to be crying out in protest every inch of the way and just longing to break into a trot.

After some consideration, and with the nation's best interests at heart, I have decided not to allow my name to be put forward for any of the events here. I do not at all like walking in any case, and my running is, I am afraid, rather rusty for I have not been anywhere called on to run competitively since 1926. In common with many houses in public schools, my house at Oundle possessed a silver cup donated by an Old Boy (who knows from what sadistic impulse?) for local speediness and for which everybody under the age of 16 had to compete in a road race round a charming village called Ashton, a locality made famous originally by a branch of the Rothschild family who lived there and had advanced and philanthropic ideas about the improvement of village life, and more recently by the World Conker Championship which is held there. However, none of these delights did we have time to savour as we flashed past, some of us flashing rather more rapidly than others. The distance run was, I suppose, about two miles and to get us going there was no nonsense about starting blocks: just a brief Ready-Steady-GO!, and away we went. As the event took place immediately after lunch, it was somewhat taxing for the more sensitive digestions, digestions already taking the strain and at full stretch after the lunch itself. The first boy home, though doubtless preferring some more tangible reward in the shape of cash or a hamper of tuck, had the honour of having his name inscribed on the cup, an honour denied, alas, to me. There were, I think, about thirty of us running and perhaps you'll like to know where I finished up. Two from last, and to cries of 'Run up!' from the few spectators who had not already dispersed.

But although I prefer on this occasion to hide my light under what really needs to be only a very small bushel, I shall not be inactive for I plan to move freely about among the competitors dispensing advice, encouragement (dear old 'Run up!' again) and information, the last being garnered from a splendid book, Dr Gardiner's *Athletics of the Ancient World* (OUP, 1930) and a positive little gold-mine of fascinating nuggets of, presumably, fact. Pinning to myself a notice saying AVAILABLE IN THREE LANGUAGES, the other two being French and German, I hope to stun one and all.

Although boxing doesn't, in my view, rate very highly as an athletic activity, had you ever realised that, according to Homer, when a fight was set up between Odysseus (disguised for plot purposes as a beggar) and a genuine beggar called Irus, the purse was a haggis, Odysseus winning the tasty trophy by what was obviously a foul blow behind the ear (in course of time, the haggis was removed and a crown of bay-leaves substituted, to the dismay of the peckish). Odysseus then goes on to take part in some rather showy wrestling, a vase drawing of 430 BC showing the kind of thing that they used to get up to and which nowadays would mean instant arrest and closure of the hall. Discoveries in Greece reveal a sandstone block weighing half a ton, lifted with one hand (follow that!) by Bybon.

And so on and so forth. I've heaps more to tell and so do look out for me. I'll be near, if not actually in, the Refreshment Tent.

Roger Woddis

Our man in Chile

Britain is to exchange ambassadors with Chile. Nicholas Ridley, junior Foreign Office Minister, doubts whether Dr Sheila Cassidy was tortured by Chilean secret police in 1975.

The time was ripe, the signs propitious,
We did not have to ponder long,
Although we knew that rentachorus
Would very likely make a song.

The doctor did not get the treatment.
Electrodes? They were not applied.
The proof is clear beyond a shadow:
The accusation is denied.

Condemning Pinochet is caddish;
He seems a decent sort of chap,
Who stands for discipline and order,
And does not wear a greasy cap.

We shudder at the thought of torture,
Repressive systems we detest –
Unless, of course, their rugged methods
Defend the values of the West.

We have a sturdy friend in Chile,
We share, in essence, common aims,
So why not normalise relations –
Or Santiago for the Games?

There may be some who call us arseholes,
And others who object to this,
But after all, there's no denying;
We *are* the Foreign Orifice.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

History Workshop I:

Truth is Partisan

RAPHAEL SAMUEL charts the origins of the Workshop

History Workshop has existed for some thirteen years as a loose coalition of worker-historians and full-time socialist researchers. It started in 1966, at Ruskin College, Oxford, as an attack on the examination system, and the humiliations which it imposed on adult students. It was an attempt to create, within a very limited compass, an alternative educational practice, to encourage Ruskin students – working men and women, drawn from the labour and trade union movement – to engage in research, and to construct their own history as a way of giving them an independent critical vantage point in their reading. It was our argument that adult students, so far from being educationally underprivileged – the working definition adopted by the College authorities – were peculiarly well-placed to write about many facets of industrial and working-class history.

Despite its innocuous starting point, as an informal seminar on 'The English Countryside in the 19th Century', a good deal of our early work was semi-clandestine – i.e. discussed in tutorials ostensibly devoted to weekly essays – since at Ruskin then the very activity of primary research was a forbidden luxury, reserved for those who had been given the accolade of a university degree. The 13 Workshop pamphlets (published between 1970 and 1974) were intended to break new ground in history; but all of them began life as unofficial student projects. In part, at least, they were pedagogical exercises, intended to demystify the processes of research, and to initiate students into the work of writing. All were by first-time historians, some of them plunged into research within weeks of arriving at College. The Workshop's predilection for local and workplace studies may partly be attributed to these straightened circumstances. Projects had to be undertaken in time snatched off, in vacation, from family obligations, or else, during term, filched from tutorial requirements; they had to be sufficiently circumscribed to make completion possible in a relatively short space of time and to allow for research which, for the most part, could only be undertaken in the student's home territory.

The Workshop placed great emphasis from the start on the use of primary sources, but we certainly never believed in letting 'the facts' speak for themselves and I don't think the early Workshop participants (among them six members of the present editorial collective) were under any illusion that they could do so. The socialism of the Workshop was from the start quite explicit, and its theoretical perspectives, however hesitant and ill-formed, certainly shaped the direction of its work. Within labour history – our main early preoccupation – the Workshop attempted to inscribe the labour process – the class struggle 'at the point of production' – at the centre of the enquiry rather than on the neglected peripheries; and it was no less determinedly concerned, from the start, with the cultural dimensions of politics. That is to say, it was an attempt to challenge the dominant institutional bias which had shaped the development of labour history in Britain.

So far as history generally was concerned, the Workshop's enemy was that 'abstracted empiricism' which dominated (and arguably still dominates) historical teaching and research – i.e. an academic mode in which the historical subject was subsumed in the methodological preoccupations of the historian; an economic history which insisted on the primacy of the statistical, irrespective of the significance of what was being measured, and treated every other kind of historical representation as 'literary' and 'impressionistic'; writing which left no space for political or moral commitment; research topics which seemed to be undertaken more for the purpose of 'filling in gaps' than for their potential contribution to wider historical understanding. More generally, the Workshop was concerned to create a space for the discussion of themes which had remained 'hidden from history' not because there was no documentation available to study them but because they were at odds with the dominant modes of historical publication and research.

Politically, the Workshop was shaped by – and to some extent anticipated – a series of left-wing stirrings, common to Britain and Europe in the later 1960s, even though it was some time before they revealed their potential. As a trade union college, largely recruited from young workers, Ruskin was peculiarly sensitive to that rise in worker-militancy which in Britain might be traced back, perhaps, to the time of the seamen's strike in 1966. It was also – for reasons of its own – very responsive to the student revolt of 1968, and in fact the College was out on strike some days before the May events in Paris. In other places these two movements were quite separate: at Ruskin they came together. Another, slightly later, political influence on the Workshop was the women's movement. The first women's national conference was held at Ruskin. It was first mooted by a women's caucus who had come together at the November 1968 History Workshop and was originally planned as a Workshop on women's history.

WORKSHOP MEETINGS in these years were marked by a powerful, if undenominational, libertarian undercurrent. The Workshop took its stand, from the start, on the side of self-management. In the sphere of education it was strongly opposed to the examination system, and it was also, from the circumstances of Ruskin students, many of whom had experienced education as an oppression, a

Whose History?

Is there, can there plausibly be, such a thing as socialist history? Raphael Samuel and a majority of the participants in the recent History Workshop Conference at Oxford answer affirmatively. But Peter Burke, speaking at the same conference, warned against any manichean view of the past: only 'total history', calling for the greatest possible empathetic understanding of all classes and groups, could approach a total truth. Reviewing the first seven volumes of *History Workshop Journal* in these pages (NS 26 October 1979), Brian Harrison argued that there is no distinct genre entitled 'socialist history'. In Harrison's opinion 'there is only history, good or bad'.

Peter Burke's statement at Ruskin College brought an intervention from the floor. Eddie Frow, a militant who had seen many capitalist winters, arose to insist that history must be a weapon in the class struggle. History must be re-expropriated from the expropriators – the bourgeois academy. When Raphael Samuel writes that 'truth is partisan', he means, obviously, partly that: the disinterred history of the poor and underprivileged will bring inspiration to contemporary socialists. Groups who lack a sense of their collective past resemble individuals without knowledge of their own parents – stranded, half-invalidated, insecure. The rediscovered past furnishes us not only with heroes, famous and unknown, but also with a diachronic pattern which provides an alternative context for thought and action.

Yet 'truth is partisan' sounds sinister, reminding us of the official histories of the Soviet Union constantly re-written to justify each new shift in leadership and ideology – the kind of history which systematically erases the past. We need not fear that History Workshop is engaged in any such enterprise; these yogis serve no commissars. Brian Harrison may be right when he argues that: 'The standards of accuracy, imaginativeness, expression and reasoning in historical writing fortunately apply right across the political spectrum.' Or he may not be right. He is right if by 'standards' he means, for example, the avoidance of slipshod carelessness, erroneous transcription, partial quotation, misrepresentation or shoddy research. But he is less right if by 'standards' he means methods and principles. Evidence lies inert and lifeless on the page, or in the streets, until a mind seizes it; more correctly, information does not become evidence until selected, shaped and synthesised by human intelligence.

The participants in History Workshop share, broadly, a socialist view. Beyond that they vary widely in theme, mood and approach. During the next few weeks the NS will be publishing a selection of papers – severely abbreviated to fit our limited space – which emerged from the recent conference. In the first paper Raphael Samuel offers a broad portrait of the Workshop's own history. Later papers will explore facets of local working-class history, the uses and dangers of 'oral history', 19th-century feminism, and the most urgent theoretical questions (Althusser, E. P. Thompson, etc.) confronting modern socialist historians.

The picture which emerges is by no means one of cosy, self-congratulatory unanimity. Scholars up to their ears in Marxist and structuralist methodology struggle to live on the same planet as historians who 'go to the people', immersing themselves in the memories and legends of local communities. The problem of language, of semantics and epistemology, constantly threatens to fissure the fragile homogeneity of a socialist consciousness. We also encounter writers who, knowing that scholarly arguments are often expressed in the harsh cadences of personal aggression and careerism, attempt to convey their differences in a friendly way based on a genuine tenderness and mutual esteem. In the coming weeks, then, we open a few windows into the tangled garden of our past.

David Caute

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W W NORTON

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natural ally of children's rights, even if it did not adopt the watchword of de-schooling. In labour history its main focus of attention was on rank and file movements, and the more spontaneous forms of working-class action, such as local insurrections and strikes. Retrospectively the Workshop appears at this time to have been somewhat ahead of events. It was engaged in battle with the College authorities two years before the events of May 1968 made such struggles general. The Workshop on 'Workers' Control in 19th Century England, a celebration of direct action, and an analysis of its workplace settings was held some four months before the workers' occupation of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders and the tremendous upsurge of trade union protest against the Industrial Relations Bill. *Pit Life in County Durham* – a part-autobiographical, part-historical attempt to explain the roots of miners' militancy – was prepared in the 18 months which preceded the national miners' strike of 1972, and the preface was datelined from the miners' picket at Didcot Power Station. In another sphere Dave Marson's *Children's Strikes of 1911* was published in the very month when thousands of working-class children took to the London streets to march against their schooling.

From Queen Mary's Psalter

The Workshop's central early preoccupation with movements of popular resistance is clearly related to these political events; though it may be that our historical studies in some sense prepared us to anticipate them, and to welcome them when they came. Later, perhaps because of the Workshop's growing – if tense – association with the women's movement, there was a shift in research attention from the reservoirs of revolt to the structures of social dominance, and a new attention to the role of ideology. The first Workshop which was held under feminist influence – 'Childhood in History' – was a fairly simple extension of Workshop researches into modes of popular resistance, but the later ones – notably that on 'Family Work and Home' – entered the more difficult terrain represented by Anna Davin's 'Imperialism and Motherhood' (*History Workshop Journal* 5) and Tim Mason's 'Women in Nazi Germany' (*Journal* 1), two of the papers which were produced for it. We did not, however, abandon one theme for another, but tried, rather, to inform our work with a sense of both, as in Dave Marson's *Children's Strikes in 1911* which focuses both on the exuberance of the children's action, and on the strike-breaking role of mothers, a clash which in his stage play about the strike ('Fall in and Follow Me', *History Workshop Pamphlet* no 13) he makes the dialectical pivot of the drama; or in Frank McKenna's 'Victorian Railwaymen' (*History Workshop Journal* 1), a late product of the 1970 Workshop – which is a study both of the railwaymen's 19th-century servitude, and of their eventual revolt against it.

The central place which History Workshop has often given to 'real life experience', both as a subject for historical inquiry, and as a litmus to test the abstract against the particular, may conjecturally be ascribed to a succession of different influences. In part it comes from our original constituency of mainly worker-writers, and the high claims we were making for historical work to which the writer was bringing the fruits not only of research, but also of personal life history. Then, from a very different source, there was the then radicalising influence of the micro-sociology popularised in the middle 1960s by the early 'deviancy' theorists, with their emphasis on informal modes of resistance in such captive institutions as prisons. A more substantial – if finally limiting – influence at this time, was that of social and cultural anthropology, with its method of participant observation, its local and familial focus, and its attempt to give a theoretical and cultural dimension to the transactions of everyday life. The rise of the women's movement, and of what Sheila Rowbotham, in a seminal pamphlet, published in 1969, called 'the new politics' – a politics based on 'consciousness raising' and personal liberation as well as (in Britain) socialist commitment – powerfully reinforced these tendencies and invested them with political urgency. Finally and perhaps more recently, one might instance a radical dissatisfaction with the existing Marxist discussion of ideology and consciousness. The Workshop

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could now perhaps be seen as being associated with, and to some extent anticipating, a whole series of democratic stirrings on the extra-curricular edges of higher education and research. One might instance, in historical work, the post-war renaissance of English local history, much of it in the hands of enthusiasts and part-timers; the rapid growth in the 1960s of industrial archaeology, and the enthusiasm, a little later, for the retrieval and publication of old photographs; the founding in 1971 of the Oral History society in which the Workshop has always played a part. More generally one might point to the folk-song revival of the 1950s and 1960s, with its emphasis on industrial folk-song, and the recovery of lost tradition. It is easy to sneer at such manifestations as 'popularist'; but cumulatively they may be said to represent a sense of cultural loss which in recent years in Britain has been a major response to the fruits of post-war social change; a socialist politics which merely ignores this as 'backward-looking' does so at its peril, as one can see, in recent years, from the appeal of such proto-fascist movements as the National Front.

MARXIST THEORY WAS NOT ONE of the original preoccupations of the Workshop, however much it may have entered the political and intellectual formation of workshop participants. But Marxist categories certainly provided us with our basic starting point, above all in the centrality we gave to class struggle, while more generally one might say that Marxism, like a commitment to the labour movement generally, was one of the common bonds between us. Although we did not problematise Marxism – in 1966 there was rather little explicit Marxism in this country – I think that what we were attempting to do, like others, was to re-establish contact between Marxist thought and the reality it purported to address. Like other Marxist historians at this time, we had tacitly abandonded focus on overall 'laws of development', and instead of taking the whole of human history for our province, confined ourselves to a relatively limited terrain – that of 19th- and 20th-century capitalism. Even within this limited compass, we were anxious to situate our enquiries in as local a setting as possible. We remained, however, militant materialists. We stuck rather closely to industrial and economic questions, and a great deal of our effort went to anchoring labour history in production – both the material conditions of production in the workplace, and the social relations through which it was organised.

The relationship of the Workshop to the universities is complex. We grew up in the shadow of respected seniors – Hill, Hobsbawm and Thompson in particular – who by the mid-1960s were firmly implanted in British academic life, while in a more general way, the Workshop owed (and owes) a certain allegiance to *Past and Present,* a journal which began life in 1952 as a Marxist and neo-Marxist publication, and won its place as a centre of high scholarship. 'Back to the sources' – one of the Workshop's early watch words, and the very centre of its early practice – was not one likely to alienate us from research historians, and indeed we leaned heavily on them in the struggle for survival at Ruskin: Christopher Hill and Joan Thirsk were among those who chaired the sessions at early Workshops, Thompson and Hobsbawm were among the early speakers. In Oxford, the Workshop ran in tandem with a weekly social history group of (syndicalist and Marxist hue) at St Antony's College, and the workshops themselves attracted a wide attendance from young, dissatisfied researchers in other parts. In short, the Workshop's association with the academy, though oppositional, was quite close.

AT THE SAME TIME, the Workshop did mark a break from more orthodox modes of historiography in a number of clearly defined ways. In the first place, the workshops themselves, the main forum at which our work was presented, were a deliberate attempt to escape from the conventions and the coldness of the research seminar. That is why they were called workshops*. They drew their attendance from far outside the walls of the university and set up discussion in crowded smoke-filled halls. The crowding and physical discomfort certainly helped to generate a degree of informality, while the impromptu living conditions (people who come to workshops often have to sleep on floors) imparted a sense of urgency to the proceedings. Folk-song – an early component of the workshops – helped to raise the emotional temperature, and the early workshops also engaged in a species of action research e.g. a walk round Jude's Oxford (after Thomas Hardy's tragic autodidact, *Jude the Obscure*) in the case of the workshop on 'proletarian Oxfordshire'.

In the second place, the workshop stood for the democratisation of historical practice. We tried to avoid sectarian academic controversy. We also attempted, from the start, to enlarge the constituency of historical writers and researchers, to demonstrate in practice that the career historian had no monopoly of writing and research. Many of the most effective workshop presentations have come from first-time historians, sharing the platform with more experienced researchers. All of our pamphlets came from that source. Worker-writers have been less in evidence in the pages of *History Workshop Journal* but we have continued to draw largely on the work of first-time historians and of those who have received their formation outside the history schools. Our point of address has remained consistently extra-mural – i.e. never taking a particular set of references for granted, explaining our terms, and attempting to create more open and accessible forms of historical dialogue. This central democratic thrust was directed, in the early days of the workshop, primarily against the dominant bourgeois mode of historiography; but it has gained additional if unexpected relevance in recent years from the appearance in Britain of a university-based Marxism which makes little attempt to translate its work into a language which might be accessible to a larger socialist public, and which seems at times positively to rejoice in the incommunicability of its concepts, and the opacity of its prose.

* The name was adapted from Ewan MacColl and Joan Littlewood's experimental 'Theatre Workshop' of the 1940s and 1950s. So far as I know, nobody else in Britain was using the term when we adopted it. Within three years, with the rise of the Women's Liberation Workshops, it became quite general and since then has been used as a kind of token for meetings which break down the barrier between speaker and audience. The point of this note is not to claim paternity, but to draw attention to a minor curiosity of contemporary history which is of some importance in the organisation of socialist cultural life.

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Thirdly, and in opposition to the whole tradition of historical neutrality and 'value free' social science, the workshop has asserted that truth was partisan. So far from attempting to bury our beliefs, or to claim that they did not exist, we have preferred openly to proclaim them, and to link our work, wherever that was possible, to the labour movement, to feminism and to fraternal socialist groups. The workshop, in short, inhabits a political as well as a historiographical territory, and, although it is certainly not one which we attempt to impose on our readers, it is a principal source of the workshop's energy and strength. History workshops are highly political occasions. Those who come to them are often restless and dissatisfied, impatient of anything resembling authority, whether on the part of the speakers, the organisers or the chair. The atmosphere was and is sometimes electric, but when tempers flare (as they sometimes do in the closing session) it is more likely to be for reasons of political disagreement than on grounds of academic pique.

FINALLY HISTORY WORKSHOP has tried to make historians more present-minded and to challenge that Chinese wall between past and present which is one of the chief legacies of the Rankean revolution in historical scholarship.

The Workshop has outlived the original circumstances of its formation, and now has to make its way in a colder political climate. The *Journal* was founded in 1975 at a time of retreat in the labour movement, of cuts in education and library provision and at a time, when – as it now appears – many younger Marxists were beginning to turn in on themselves and to engage in increasingly esoteric discussion. The *Journal* resisted these tendencies. It maintained a hopeful stance where others were retreating into pessimism or abstraction. We did not see the academic and the non-academic, the Marxist and the non-Marxist, the scholarly and the political as being alternatives. Our socialism, though by British standards extreme, is also determinedly non-sectarian and we don't see a strong politics as being incompatible with painstaking archive work. Starting the journal made us much more aware of the long tradition and exceptional strength of socialist historical work in Britain. It has also brought us into contact with our comrades and fellow workers in Europe. Paradoxically in a period of retreat by the Left, the constituency of socialist historians seems to be growing.

If, from a socialist point of view, the main danger facing Marxist historical work in the 1960s was that it would become 'fat' and 'Norman' – i.e. comfortably incorporated into academic routines – today it is possibly that of fragmentation into entirely separate discourses with, at one extreme, the global synthesis of Perry Anderson's *Lineages of the Absolute State* and at the other, a materialist analysis of the *lumpenproletariat* in a single London street (Jerry White's recent 'Campbell Bunk'). Feminist history groups, community-based publishing projects, local history workshops, regional labour history societies, independent writers and specialist scholars, pursue their particular projects with little reference to each other, while, in another sphere entirely, a ferocious discussion is going on among socialists about the philosophical bases of historical inquiry. History Workshop 13 was an attempt to bring some of the different kinds of work into dialogue with each other. But there is a clear need for more frequent, and more informal modes of exchange. For this reason we are setting up a Federation of History Workshops and socialist historians, to offer support to the part-time or isolated historian, and to encourage the formation of smaller working groups.*

**Information about the Federation can be obtained from Jerry White, 59 Casimir Road, London E.5, from whom also information about local History Workshops. Interested readers might consider subscribing to the* Bulletin of the Society of Labour History *(£5 p.a. from John Field, Northern College, Wentworth Castle, Barnsley, Yorks);* Oral History Journal *(£5 p.a. from Oral History Society, Dept of Sociology, University of Essex, Wivenhoe, Colchester). One should also mention the Welsh Society for the Study of Labour History, which is quite outstanding for the quality of its writing and the extent of its working-class and trade union support. Its journal,* Llafur, *is excellent value for money (£1 from Hywell Francis, Miners Library, Sketty Road, Swansea).* History Workshop Journal *publishes two book-length issues a year (£5 from PO Box 69, Oxford). Feminist historians in London meet fortnightly at Women's Research and Resource Centre, 190 Upper Street, London N1. History Workshop 14, 'Language in History' is being held at Brighton Pavilion, November 15-16, 1980. (Inquiries to Andy Durr, 235 Ditchling Road, Brighton).*

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Fiction 1

Jonathan Steffen

Too Late

Thin Ice by NORMAN LEVINE *Wildwood House* £5.95
The Long-Haired Boy by CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW *Hamish Hamilton* £6.50
The Good Morrow by DAWN LOWE-WATSON *Heinemann* £5.50
Alexandra by VALERIE MARTIN *Secker* £5.50

> People are very generous. They let you into their lives. So you don't want to hurt them by what you write. In any case I write about people I like or have liked. And only about people I know.

For Norman Levine, the word 'writer' means not 'inventor' but 'observer', and he writes about what he knows with a deceptive simplicity of style. But there is nothing simplistic about the twelve starkly elegant stories of *Thin Ice* or about Levine's constant struggle to ascertain the truth about what he sees, and to render this in prose.

The stories in *Thin Ice*, all basically autobiographical, are written in the first person, and again and again we see the figure of Levine the Writer moving restlessly through the worlds of his experience, reworking, remaking them – the Ottawa of his childhood, the post-war London of his Bohemian days as an aspiring writer, the oppressively peaceful West Country where he now lives and works.

It is distances which obsess Levine – between places, between people, between past and present; the problem of reconciling a past which is not only lost, but which was actively rejected, with a present from which one incessantly contemplates that past. Levine escaped from the Jewish immigrant community of Lower Town, Ottawa, only to find that it is still where he belongs.

> Now that most of the fruit and rag pedlars are dead and Lower Town has changed – I find I am unable to stay away from it. It's become like a magnet. Whenever I can, I return.

This crumbling world, and its pervasive persistence in memory, is beautifully evoked, as is the London of the post-war generation. But though so much of Levine's work is an attempt to recreate the past in language, 'a sort of innocence that has gone', he tempers the sad passion of his quest with honesty, with a melancholy realism:

> Of course there are still the occasional days when things are going right and the excitement comes back from the work. Not like in those early days when writing and the life we were leading seemed so much to belong together. I had complete faith then in those little magazines. What I didn't know was that what they bred was infectious. They infected a lot of people with the notion that to be involved with literature was somehow to be involved with the good life. And by the time you learned differently, it was usually too late.

One of his stories is about the visit of one of his old friends from the days of University and London, and the complete gulf that has grown between them:

> We lay in bed for a while not speaking.
> 'He's not giving much away', I said.
> 'Maybe he knows what writers do', Emily said.

There is no better illustration of his simple

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precision of observation and narration than the tiny vignette of a Merchant seaman whom Levine meets on a train, speaking of his wife left at home:

> 'I have her picture on my cabin wall'. he said. 'For the first few days of the voyage she's nice and big. But as the weeks go by – she gets smaller and smaller and smaller . . .'

This is the quiet agony of Levine's world: the remorseless gulf opening between a person and the object of his love, be it place or person, the precarious writer's struggle with an inevitable sense of loss. 'I was a writer. In my world nothing is certain.' Thin Ice.

The title of Christopher Matthew's new novel, *The Long-Haired Boy*, is inauspicious and confusing: it refers in fact to the nickname given to the 'university pilots' of the Battle of Britain, young men who at the outbreak of the second world war went straight from academia into Spitfires.

Hugh Fleming, the hero of the novel, is pampered and brilliant: with his good looks and his glittering Eton-and-Cambridge career, his life is an object lesson in the unthinking ease of the privileged. All seems to be lost when 22-year-old Hugh, the bravest and most talented pilot of his squadron, is shot down in flames and suffers near-fatal injuries. The story deals with his fight for survival and his coming to terms with his scarred body and scarred pride.

Matthew's style is simple and unadventurous: there is nothing innovatory about his writing. But, in the context of the story, these solid qualities become virtues by dint of their very unobtrusiveness. The narrative is clear, bold, and uncluttered, so that the reader's attention is focused throughout on the tale rather than on the telling of it. And the precariousness of these young men's astonishing bravery is perfectly captured:

> We all care. It's because we care so much that we have to carry on as if everything were all right. We're not bloody heroes, you know, whatever the newspapers might say and however much the British public would like to think we are; and we never will be. We are all of us, without exception, as scared as hell.

And the novel convinces through its wealth of historical and technical details: so much so that it comes as a surprise to learn that the author was barely one year old when the Battle of Britain took place.

Convincing is not a word one could use to describe Dawn Lowe-Watson's *The Good Morrow*, a first novel which deals with the problems of a married woman and her family – problems caused by both parents and children. It seems a great pity to me that, while the novel makes many individual points which ring true, the whole is masked by an uncomfortable and distracting clumsiness of style. *The Good Morrow* attempts to read 'easily': unfortunately, the overall effect is one of woolliness.

Clarity, however, is one of the distinguishing features of Valerie Martin's second novel, *Alexandra*. Set in New Orleans, *Alexandra* depicts a bizarre eternal triangle, and tells a mystery story with subtlety and elegantly controlled detachment.

But what I found most impressive about this novel was the character of Claude, the narrator, and Alexandra's unlikely lover – a man caught between the horns of middle-aged itch and middle-aged 'angst' in a world of bewildering and aggressive sexuality.

Fiction 2

Alan Hollinghurst

Post-War

And We Were Young by ELLIOTT BAKER *Michael Joseph* £5.95
The Followed Man by THOMAS WILLIAMS *Sidgwick & Jackson* £5.95
Puffball by FAY WELDON *Hodder* £5.95
The Silent Areas by ELAINE FEINSTEIN *Hutchinson* £5.95
In Evil Hour by GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ *Cape* £5.50

The second world war figures significantly in the prehistory of the new novels of both Elliott Baker and Thomas Williams. For Baker it brings together and then disperses a group of men (a Marxist Jew, a Polish *emigré,* a radio producer, a lawyer) whose lives are again to be woven densely together in the period of the anti-Red witch-hunts. Upton, the lawyer, carries off a dazzling defence of a schoolteacher interrogated by the Committee; later he is somehow persuaded by his radio-producer friend (now caught up in the TV

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Smiley's People Hodder & Stoughton £5.95

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boom) to expose their old fellow-soldier Adler (once a card-carrying Communist) in the course of an excruciating TV personality-game which makes *This is Your Life* look a model of taste and restraint. At this moment Upton sabotages his own career. This is high melodramatic writing, brilliantly cut and virtuosically plotted. What makes it an insatiably compulsive read, though, is the superb economy of Baker's style – not a word could be removed from the novel without damaging it. It is a remarkable gift which metamorphoses an often corny subject (showbiz, politics, infidelity) and is able to sustain serious criticism of life.

Upton's final reflection on post-war life is that 'the lucky died on the battlefield, the fortunate never came home'; and in Thomas Williams's *The Followed Man* those who are left, repeatedly absorbed in memories of War, discover an emptiness in the present, a challenge few of them meet. Different generations look back to Vietnam and Korea, as well as to two world wars, and the protagonist looks back also to a wife and children killed in an aircrash. He too leaves New York, which he finds apocalyptically horrible, and settles in a hut in New Hampshire; but the traditional romanticism of his retreat is violated by letters threatening his life. Unlike Baker, Williams has a highly expansive style, and indulges his moods of sadness, retrospection and inertia to a damaging degree. At best, though, he produces a poetic intensity of mood, and the sense of place is hauntingly memorable.

Fay Weldon's new novel is the story of a pregnancy, that of a young London wife who also yearns for, and gets, a country retreat – a cottage in Somerset. Her husband is unable to commute to work every day and leaves her alone all week. As a result all the characters are unsure just whose baby she is carrying; the readers however are privileged to a sequence of textbook chapters 'Inside Liffey', which leaves them in no such doubt: they follow the adventures of the very spermatozoon responsible. Life in the country is controlled by Mabs Pierce, a witch and the daughter of a witch. Liffey's pregnancy is conducted under conditions somewhere between *Rosemary's Baby* and *Cold Comfort Farm,* her behaviour dictated by the herbs in Mabs's neighbourly potions, which give her pains as well as stimulating a 'sudden succumbing to animal lust' and other hormonal excitements.

Weldon examines the conflicts of knowledge and ignorance, science and superstition, and the startling climax of the novel dramatises them in an effectively horrible way. But the presentation of the book, in detached paragraphs, gives a portentousness to everything that is said, with the inevitable consequence of bathos. I also noticed at least 20 solecisms, and the repeated mention of the 'prostrate gland' was surprising.

Elaine Feinstein's stories are far removed from this essentially romantic world: they are details of failure, repression and offence delivered with a bleakness bordering on parsimony. Her irritable, jumpy prose creates diagrams of a world untouched by generous feelings; Feinstein is not, herself, generous to her characters, but she sketches their plights with so little regard to evocation and felt observation that the book seems too insubstantial to be truly depressing.

In Evil Hour is a translation of Gabriel García Márquez's *La Mala Hora* of 1968 which has moments of obscurity but in general seems clear enough. It predates *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch,* but is nonetheless a novel of extraordinary concentration, requiring several readings to grasp all its densely worked detail, which is presented in a fashion both intense and half-cryptic. A poor village is victimised by a spate of 'lampoons' pinned by an unknown hand on the houses at night. The result contributes to and illuminates a political unease, as does the agonising toothache of the mayor, in a community which turns upon itself, accuses and incriminates itself at once. Márquez's feat is to eliminate characterisation and to give us a picture of society that remains vividly real while shading into myth. His village, feeding upon memory and resentment, itself acknowledges this desire to perpetuate vice and inhumanity in continuing discord and swamping corruption. It is an extremely fascinating book.

Agustin Gomez-Arcos

ANA NO

"Towards the end of her long life, Ana Paucha, widow and mother of republican fishermen leaves her cottage in Andalusia and following the railway-line, sets off on foot for 'the North'. There her youngest and only-surviving son, an idealistic communist, has been imprisoned for life.

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Geoffrey Nowell-Smith

Progress of Decadence

A Screen of Time: A Study of Luchino Visconti
by MONICA STIRLING *Secker* £7.95

The type of book that Monica Stirling has chosen to write about Visconti is basically a biography of the kind more often written about stars than about directors though with rather less information on the subject's love life than is customary in the genre. As a biography it is well researched at the level of chronicle. If you want to know where Visconti was on the day John XXIII was elected Pope, Ms Stirling will tell you. Of course you might not want to know, or you might think that the election of a Pope and the peregrinations of a theatre, opera and film director had little to do with each other. But Ms Stirling tells you anyway, just as she gives biographical snippets about famous figures from other places and times. (Did you know that Vittorio Alfieri, an 18th-century author one of whose plays Visconti directed, had a liaison with the former wife of Bonnie Prince Charlie?) Although the information varies in its usefulness, it appears to be reliable, and people who are interested in Visconti's work can be thankful that it is there.

There is however a problem here. Ms Stirling writes as if by the sheer force of her writing she can make her subject interesting. Since she starts her first chapter with a sentence that appears to be copywriting for the Swiss Tourist Board ('March 19, Geneva airport: unique in its tranquil combination of the efficient with the pleasurable') this is already a doubtful premise, but let that pass. More serious is the question of what is legitimately interesting about someone like Visconti – aristocrat, man of the left, director of numerous plays and operas and director and writer of some 14 films over a period of 35 years? The interest a book on Visconti can have must surely depend on the perspective it takes on the work that has made him famous. This requires, in Visconti's case, a perspective on cinema and on Italian culture.

Not only does Miss Stirling seem to have no perspective but the default of perspective is compounded by a deep ignorance in matters of cinema and an utter superficiality in matters of culture. Take the cinema first. For Ms Stirling the cinema is principally people – creative people for preference, occasionally hampered by uncreative people such as accountants and bureaucrats. Cinema as industry is breezily dismissed by the use or misuse of a quotation from Malraux – 'cinema is also (*par ailleurs*) an industry'. Cinema as technical process is totally absent. In an amazing (overwritten but in its weird way well written) passage Ms Stirling describes a scene from *Rocco and his Brothers*. 'Visconti's feeling for places', she writes, 'was vividly demonstrated during one of the film's final scenes. The Pafundis were packed around the table, toasting Rocco's victory in the boxing ring . . . Suddenly Katina Paxinou begged Visconti to

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show them how he wanted the scene played'. There follows a description of what is presumably a rehearsal, which concludes: 'As Visconti spoke the word *sacrifice* Paxinou looked at him, petrified – and at precisely this moment the front doorbell rang, announcing Simone's blood-stained return from killing Nadia.'

Now this is mystical nonsense. Maybe somebody did ring a bell during the rehearsal, and maybe Renato Salvadori (who plays Simone) might have been about to walk on to the set. But at least three things have got muddled up here. One is the rehearsal, at which actors and director are present. Another is the scene in the film, in which there are characters (played, of course, by actors). And the third is the shooting, editing and dubbing process which performs the transition between the rehearsal and the film. Half a minute's reflection is enough to enable one to see that what happened in the rehearsal would not happen in the shooting, and that what happens in the shooting is not what 'happens' in the film itself. More expert knowledge is perhaps required to realise that all these creative people performing their histrionics in the making of a scene are merely lending their bodies to the event: speech will be added by other actors later, in the dubbing studio. If Ms Stirling knows this, she is certainly adept at concealing it. Film is breathlessly merged into real life and back again. Any sense of the film as fiction is obliterated – to be replaced by a new fiction of the reporter's own making.

Conspicuously absent from the book is any analysis of the films – the sort of plots they use, the style, the nature of the subject matter. There is a fair amount of plot description (interspersed with talk about the actors, or difficulties encountered during shooting), but nothing more. Crucial questions about the choice of forms are never asked. The melodramatic style of *Senso* and *Rocco and his Brothers* is treated as beyond discussion. Of *Senso* we are told that 'in fact Visconti had gone beyond Neo-Realism to reality'. This bizarre statement is backed up by a quotation from Guido Aristarco, whom, if Ms Stirling has read him, she has not understood: Aristarco, a Lukácsian critic, described *Senso* as going from neo-realism to realism, which at least makes sense. Of *Rocco* Ms Stirling seems to assume that it was made the way it was because the subject matter existed, not a million miles from Visconti's ancestral doorstep, and somehow dictated that particular treatment. In fact the aesthetic choices involved in making the film were rather curious. Made in 1960, three hours long and in black and white, it was the last film directed by Visconti on a 'neo-realist' contemporary social subject, and it made its return to that subject matter in a manner untypical of neo-realism, with some inspired but implausible casting and with an uneasy mixture of Brechtian epic and Hollywood melodrama presiding over its construction.

Aesthetic issues overrun here into those of culture and politics. In Ms Stirling's world of beautiful people, politics is represented by Visconti's reputed friendship with a somewhat idealised Palmiro Togliatti. A long passage is devoted to Togliatti's funeral, described as unlike the funeral of any other Communist in any country, although the film evidence of what it was like, contained in Pasolini's *Uccellacci e uccellini* and in the Taviani brothers' *I sovversivi*, makes it seem very like Lenin's funeral as evidenced in Vertov's *Kinopravda*: does Ms Stirling have better evidence on which to make a judgment? The political-cultural battles of post-war Italy, in particular over neo-realism, are reduced to anecdote. Once Visconti's part in the Resistance has been got out of the way, everything that might be political is shoved under the carpet.

Yet Italy is a highly politicised country, in which, rightly or wrongly, artistic problems are made instantly political – particularly on the left. To enter the film world in Italy is to enter not only an industry but a political battleground. Of course one can treat either or both with aristocratic disdain, and Visconti sometimes did that – to his own cost. But he was a much more embattled, and more tragically embattled, figure than this book makes him out to be. The struggles in which he was involved, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes not, were political and cultural as well as individual. And when they were individual, this was not just in the sense of playing at being the individual artist. There is for example in his work a constant dialectic between progress and decadence which requires to be understood in terms of his relationship with Marxism (and with the Communist Party, to which he was very close for a long time) and also in terms of his personal history. As the protective relationship with Marxism weakens, so the 'decadentist' side in his make-up comes to dominate, and with this comes the emergence of themes that had been suppressed, notably homosexuality and the cult of art.

What is disturbing in this is that the cult of art (well documented by Ms Stirling) and homosexuality (barely alluded to) are features of the author himself, but they can only find expression by being posed as decadent. There is a terrible logic here which one might have hoped a biographer would explore. Why, in his early career, did Visconti make films in which the class he came from is shown as being swept away by other emergent social forces? Why in those films do children play a positive role, pointing toward the future? Why, later, did he make films in which his own class is merely shown as crumbling from within and in which there are adolescents, who are mostly corrupt, and only one child, whom the father kills? To answer these questions requires both breadth and depth. This book has neither.

Helen McNeil

Broken Heart

Smile Please by JEAN RHYS *Deutsch* £4.95
Jean Rhys: A Critical Study by THOMAS F. STALEY *Macmillan* £10

In *Smile, Please*, Jean Rhys wrote that the Caribbean landscape of her childhood

> was alive, I was sure of it. Behind the bright colours the softness, the hills like clouds and the clouds like fantastic hills. There was something austere, sad, lost, all those things. I wanted to identify myself with it, to lose myself in it (but it turned its head away, indifferent, and that broke my heart).

In Rhys's autobiographical fragment, as in her fiction, life is outside, an indefinable and elusive otherness. Whether she longs to lose herself in a man, a place or an event, the woman can only put herself in the way of it, waiting for it to brush past and leave her even emptier of herself than before.

Smile Please shows that Rhys's passion for loss came from the beauty and corruption of the island of Domenica, where the whites died young or went mad or drunk from the illegible intensities of a paradise which wasn't theirs. Their 'Celtic cross' was 'knocked down', by the forces of 'obeah', by the 'soucriants', by the god *Bois Sèche;* their idyllic islands within islands, retreats which Rhys calls Bona Vista, Nelson's Rest, and Morgan's Rest, were fired or left to sink back into the jungle; and their

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history was erased. In *Smile Please,* Rhys admits she wanted to be black, to be free from repressive white history, but eventually she came to hate the blacks for taking back the island which was the vessel holding her past. After such a vivid, poisoned youth, Rhys could never be a native anywhere, whether in her family's agitated ephemeral summer home, later 'burned down two or three times', or in the hotel rooms and bed-sits of her adulthood. As the black girl tauntingly says to Antoinette Cosway, the doomed heroine of Rhys's *Wide Sargasso Sea*, 'White cockroach, go away, go away. Nobody want you. Go away'.

Jean Rhys went to England and France, or a version of England and France. England she had already fantasised as snow and fire. Sex, which came soon enough with her life as an untalented bit player in provincial repertory, had also been pre-experienced in fantasy. To Rhys happiness and unhappiness are both dreamlike, barely experienced at all, yet devastating. To the child-woman of *Voyage in the Dark*, her Caribbean youth is 'a sort of dream'. In love 'I am hopeless, resigned, utterly happy'. Afterwards 'it was like a dream'. When the Rhys heroine meets a man as lost and victimised as she is, she feels threatened by the potentially more real experience. At the conclusion of *Good Morning Midnight*, the fortyish heroine flees her sad gigolo and chooses instead the more appropriate – because doubly alienating – experience of having casual sex with the ugly man in the next hotel room. All the while she humiliates her mind, too, by superimposing on the act her hopeless fantasy that the (now beloved) gigolo is returning to her.

Smile Please doesn't illuminate the differences between Rhys's felt life and her fiction. Instead it is a stylistic and narrative coda to her novels and stories, Rhys's last chance to rework incidents and perceptions which she had already written several times. There is no octogenarian setting the record straight, that last infirmity of noble minds, because on the evidence of *Smile Please,* the life that counted, the life of feeling, appears to have already been absorbed into the fiction. Many names, phrases and sentences about Rhys's girlhood in *Smile Please* are identical or almost identical with passages in her novels, to say nothing of the thematic repetitions. If this holds more true of the earlier passages, it must be only because Rhys died before she could revise the later chapters into line with their more fully realised fictive versions. Thus while it is nice to know that Dutch poet Jean Lenglet, Rhys's first husband, seems to have been a more considerate man than his reconstituted fragments in the novels would make one think, and the photo of Rhys's healthy little daughter (brought up mainly by Lenglet) is a comfort when one remembers her descriptions of her infant son's death, there isn't really much privileged information to be had in *Smile Please*. The privilege is, simply, to be able to read a little more of Rhys's writing.

Jean Rhys's novels show a striking discrepancy between their emotional impact and their language, which, while emotive, is simple and understated. After the end of her ruinous first affair, the heroine of *Voyage in the Dark* has only the muted thought, 'I'm nineteen and I'll have to go on living and living and living', taking from Rhys's still unpublished journal a phrase which also appears in *Smile Please*

about Rhys herself (with the age changed). Although Rhys's books are unashamedly about female subjectivity, her cool modernistically controlled language never demands a response from the reader which the action itself might not naturally bring forth. Unlike Anais Nin, Elizabeth Smart or Kate Millet, who implicitly claim a unique sensitivity through the attention-getting emotionalism of a heightened prose, Rhys's novels wear the protective colouring of minor works, drawing as little attention to themselves as possible. Feminine rather than feminist, her novels, like their heroines, present themselves as victims to the reader. I have a nasty suspicion that Rhys's deference, as much as her accomplishment, is why she is belatedly becoming the thinking man's favourite woman writer.

Thomas Staley likes Rhys's novels, but if his *Jean Rhys: A Critical Study* is anything to go by, her work doesn't interpret readily. Professor Staley had the bad luck to publish his introductory study shortly before *Smile Please* appeared, but I don't think information alone could have saved him from the curse of *pensée sèche,* as in this comment on Rhys's last novel:

> The design of *Wide Sargasso Sea*, like that of all Rhys's novels, clearly reflects her major thematic concerns: the scenes owe their symbolic quality to the thematic patterns which are crucial to the structure of the novel.

For *Wide Sargasso Sea*, substitute A. N. Other novel, and you have a really useful perception.

THIS WEEK

Britten and Auden

*

W.G.Runciman on Social Mobility

*

An Irish Symposium

Plus

Haiti from Toussaint to Baby Doc

*

"Abstraction"-the Tate Exhibition

T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday 30p

Among this week's contributors:

RAPHAEL SAMUEL has been tutor in social studies at Ruskin College, Oxford, since 1964, and is an editor of *History Workshop Journal*.

GEOFFREY NOWELL-SMITH is Head of Education at the British Film Institute.

HELEN MCNEIL teaches in the School of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia.

JOHN SPURLING's most recent play, *The British Empire, Part 1*, has just opened at Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Mark Kidel

Explorations of Heartache

Rock, more than any other form of music today, is topical, always alive to the currents of the moment, to changes in mood and fashion. It is the music of the market-place, not just because it has always been so blatantly commercial and because it is used as a background lubricant to the trade that goes on in so many highstreet shops, but because it is the sound of the contemporary *forum*, a commentary on every aspect of our times as well as an expression of our dreams and illusions.

No Nukes (Asylum ML 801) says a good deal about a particular corner of the market-place in the USA last summer, a few months after the near-disaster at Three Mile Island. It is a three-record collection drawn from concerts organised last September at New York's Madison Square Garden by MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) to raise money for the anti-nuclear movement as well as to publicise the cause. The impressive cast-list reads like a *Who's Who* of rockbiz radical chic, with Crosby, Stills & Nash, Carly Simon, James Taylor, Jackson Browne, Ry Cooder, Bonnie Raitt, Jesse Colin Young, the Doobie Brothers and many others.

It is a predominantly gentle affair, without the apocalpytic aggression that tends to characterise our own Rock Against Racism gigs, a celebration of togetherness in hope rather than despair. It is, for this reason perhaps, something of an anomaly at the grim dawn of the new decade, an unfashionable flashback to the optimism of the late Sixties. But it displays sentiments which have not by any means died in the US. All the music on the triple album is of a polished standard, and there are one or two moments when it is outstanding (James Taylor's 'Captain Jim's Drunken Dream' and the two Bruce Springsteen tracks), but there is a tameness about it which, let us hope, is not a preview of the price we shall have to pay for the post-nuclear world of peace and harmony advocated by MUSE. The problem lies rather with the impossibility on records, in spite of the excellent and highly informative booklet which comes with the package, of communicating the emotional atmosphere of the actual concerts, that mass-protest euphoria which naturally colours the subjective reactions of the live audience. So listening to 'No Nukes' is a little like going to see 'Alien' in an empty cinema, a somewhat detached observation of drama and technique.

Neil Young is conspicuously absent from MUSE, and his own concert album *Live Rust* (Reprise K64041) a much livelier set than *No Nukes*. He is, however, represented by Nicolette Larson, whose aching voice has made such an important contribution to his recent studio work. She contributes a rather pallid version of 'Lotta Love'. She may not yet be quite strong enough to go out on her own, as her first solo album (*In the Nick of Time* – Warners K 56750) clearly indicates. It is a pleasant enough record, heavily produced by Ted Templeman, so much so perhaps that the effort to 'showcase' Larson has obscured her own personality, each song being a vehicle for interpretation rather than a genuine expression of the singer's personality. One track, the late Lowell George's 'Trouble', shines above all others: it is simple, her voice accompanied by keyboards alone, and reveals Larson to be capable of fine and sensitive singing.

What makes 'Trouble' so outstanding is its tortuous and melancholy melody, a trademark of its composer Lowell George, guitarist and lead vocalist for Little Feat, and the latest martyr to drugs and rock 'n' roll. *Down on the Farm* (Warners K 56667) will be the band's last album with George, and although it is by no means as brilliant as the classic 'Sailin' Shoes' and 'Dixie Chicken', and it is much more than a posthumous scraping together. Although from the West Coast, Little Feat have always sounded like a band from Louisiana, with an aching swampy sound that has far more to do with sex and sensuality than all the suburban soft rock of the L.A. smog. *Down on the Farm* is less jazz-orientated than the band's last two studio albums, a return to the syncopated dance rhythms that dominated their earlier years. Lowell George emerges as the star of the album, and not just because he is going to be sorely missed, singing, playing and composing with the sensitivity and vulnerability that made him so special. He was like Hendrix and Joplin, a born casualty, a natural white blues man, churning up feelings that came from very deep with an innocence that no doubt helped to destroy him.

There is pain of a different kind in the Pink Floyd's double album *The Wall* (EMI Harvest SHSP 4111), released last December in time for the Christmas sales to push it rapidly up into the No. 1 spot in the albums chart. It is very much the collective pain of today's global village market-place, a view of the abyss from the well-heeled suburbs of London and Los Angeles, a tax exile's sombre exploration of heartache. The wall that holds the album together is a strong poetic image, stretched ambiguously between the defences we erect around our hearts and those that society and institutions build around us. The Floyd once seemed to hold the key to a whole generation's collective unconscious, but their present work, while displaying Roger Waters's usual skill and imagination as a writer and singer, and the band's sense for the architecture of sound, seems stuck in what is fast becoming a time warp. The single drawn from the album, 'Another Brick Wall Pt 2' may have caused a furore in Thatcher-Boyson circles because of its choral cry, sung by a group of London comprehensive-school children, against education and thought control, but it feels a little too much like a rather sedate jump on to the bandwagon.

For all these reservations, it is good to see the Floyd taking a stand against the mindless reaction that passes for government – and there are a number of very exciting moments on the four long sides of *The Wall*. The Pink Floyd are not quite as 'comfortably numb' as Roger Waters suggests in the lyrics of one of the songs on the album, but it is a dangeroulsy done thing.

The Clash – now part of the rock establishment themselves, but not tax exiles yet – have by no means given up the fight either. *London Calling* (CBC Clash 3) is the first post-punk double album, a statement of self-confidence in itself, and, with a broader range of styles than the band's two previous albums would have let us expect, it succeeds in setting the Clash up as one of the most promising bands of the next few years. It is music, which for all its many roots, has both a freshness and a maturity which makes it continually surprising and enjoyable. Their music is direct *and* inventive, most of it a far cry from the two or three chunky chords repeated with such frenzy in their early days. A certain quality of directness or rawness seems to characterise today's music, at least those genres that avoid the robotics of Gary Numan, The Human League, John Foxx and all those others who have been seduced by synthesizers. The Specials share the Clash's love for reggae and its ancestors, blue beat and ska. Their first album (*Two-Tone* CDLTT 5001) is a piece of naïve and primitive music, with simple beat and lyrics. It is, however, a few steps beyond the stomping ferocity of the sounds that gave us the pogo.

Strongly identified with the school-leavers in the dole queue, the Specials provide a meeting ground for young rejects. The blue beat revival has little of the gut power of the originals (what revival ever has?); it is because of the message that has been projected on to it that it has become so popular.

While the Specials will appeal to the socially dispossessed, Pretenders have a chance of hitting most of the markets available to a new rock band simultaneously. Chrissie Hynde, the band's vocalist and songwriter, comes from Akron, Ohio (like Devo and Jane Aire), and she is not just an attempt at a raunchier Debbie Harry. With a band from Hereford, Hynde, the latest in a line of leather-clad amazons, is a truly mid-Atlantic phenomenon. Sometimes she drawls like Lou Reed or Nico, and at others she sings as melodiously and expressively as any of the best lady vocalists of the last decade.

'Brass in Pocket', Pretenders' current hit single, is a masterpiece, with its well-digested references to past pop and soul idioms. What Chrissie Hynde has, and very few new arrivals to the rock scene have shown anything like it, is the undefinable touch of brilliance and originality that creates an instant *frisson*, as well as a sense that she will be rising far out of obscurity very fast.

Pretenders (Real RAL 3) is undoubtedly the best first album by a new band since Elvis Costello's *My Aim is True*.

Chrissie Hynde and Costello share, in addition to their great promise, the ability of generating a feeling of *déjà entendu*, a web of echoes, woven together to form a harmonious pattern that is altogether quite different from the well-worn familiarity of simple revival. *Pretenders* is a record that should on no account be missed.

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Art

John Spurling

Turncoat?

Victor Pasmore *Cartwright Hall, Bradford, until 9 March; then Liverpool, Norwich, Leicester, Newcastle, London (RA)*

Long after the event and in circles far removed from the art world, Victor Pasmore's conversion to abstract painting was remembered and felt to be significant. Its impact was no doubt the greater because the year before, in 1947, at the Redfern Gallery, Pasmore's last exhibition of naturalistic work, including several of his haunting paintings of the Thames at Chiswick, had been especially successful. William Townsend wrote that these naturalistic paintings 'brought into circulation again some of those subjects and effects of very great beauty, of universally admitted beauty that everyone responds to – the first star of twilight, mist over the water, moonrise and so on, that have been shunned by good painters for quite long enough'. Then, having shown what he was capable of, like Whistler 'flinging a pot of paint in the public's face' (except that paint was perhaps the least obvious thing about his new work), Pasmore went over to the enemy. No wonder that the effect on genteel art-lovers was traumatic, something akin to the effect on Conservative patriots of Churchill's election defeat three years earlier.

Of the three founders of the Euston Road School – set up in 1937 to counter the *avant-garde* movements of Surrealism and Constructivism with a socially and politically conscious, 'objective', style – Pasmore was far the most gifted. The School's association with the *Left Book Club*, with Tom Harrisson's mass observation group and Grierson's documentary film unit seems hardly relevant to Pasmore's own work at this time. Both in subject and manner he was obviously more indebted to Impressionism than to social realism, while his clear, lyrical colours and balanced compositions are peculiarly English, in the tradition of the 19th-century watercolourists. Among the pre-war British painters, Pasmore must have looked as likely as any – talented enough, self-contained enough – to uphold and enhance that tradition, regardless either of the *avant-garde* or the reaction to it.

The two early paintings included in this Arts Council travelling exhibition – a café scene masquerading as Parisian, but actually based on Bertorelli's in Charlotte Street, and a river scene with a large foreground nude in a punt – are both densely painted and dominated by their human figures, with their depth suggested by the darker areas. Pasmore was still painting like this as late as 1946, although in the Thames series, begun in 1943, he had already found that atmospheric light – white and misty tones of pale grey, green and blue – served his purpose better. Objects and figures, in these Whistlerian scenes, become attenuated, stick-like, lose their solidity; the whole world is, as it were, turned inside out, so that the depth appears infinite and bright, with the human element as its shadowy interruption.

For Pasmore himself, clearly, the essential step had already been taken. By choosing a particular landscape in particular conditions he was able to compose what, in the catalogue to his first abstract exhibition, he called 'visual music', without yet openly abandoning naturalism. If, to his admirers, the beauty seemed that of nature, to the artist it was, more obviously than ever before, something he had invented, whose last tenuous link with representation could now be served. For unknown to those who had gratefully identified him as their 'landscapist', the standard-bearer of all their nostalgic inklings about nature (to which art acted chiefly as the window) Pasmore, previously subverted by Van Gogh and Cézanne, had recently succumbed to the wiles of Picasso and Matisse. It was not so much that he joined the *avant-garde* in 1948 as that, still following his own nose, he finally understood – what the customers so seldom understand – that to transcribe nature as a visual picture in two dimensions, with the third cunningly suggested, is no more the standard business of being an artist than to transcribe bird-calls and street-sounds is the standard business of a composer.

This exhibition makes the join between Pasmore's subject paintings and his abstracts by hanging together a flower-piece – the flowers are hardly more important than the rectilinear arrangement of planes and the square of indian red against which they are set – and a relief painting with the same sort of rectilinear composition and another square indian red. This is to jump the gun a little, since it took Pasmore another three years after his first abstracts to begin to work in relief, seeing the use of projecting objects and actual three-dimensional planes as the logical, indeed only available, next step for the abstract painter who wished to make his visual music in three dimensions. But with hindsight, of course, and especially in this exhibition – a deliberately modest retrospective, designed to demonstrate economically all the stages of Pasmore's development – there hardly seems any real break between a still nominally naturalistic painting such as *The Hanging Gardens of Hammersmith* (1948) and, say, *Linear Symphony* (1974-77).

The point is that, having seized his independence, having crossed his notorious bridge, Pasmore settled down into being what he had always shown himself in danger of being: a fine, elegant, sensitive artist with a rather limited emotional range. In a curious way his move into abstraction was less an act of daring than a retreat. It made everything too easy for him. He can incise a line, shape a plane, add a coloured blob, work up a splash of paint into a sinuous form, invent a charming tangle of strokes, contrast a panel with a canvas, with almost perfect taste and craftsmanship. Had he persevered with subject-matter he would have had to struggle – one can catch a glimpse of him doing so in the uncharacteristically lumpy and muddy *Soho Café* of 1946 – yet it is struggle, intensity, confusion, complexity that one craves for as one goes round this careful selection of a careful life's work. In 1955 Pasmore, then teaching at Newcastle, was invited to plan the layout of Peterlee New Town. The plan, with its irregular groups of houses set about a flowing, branch-like arrangement of roads, looks like an ideal housing-estate as well as like a Pasmore. When he took his freedom of nature and started to rely on the contents of his own mind, Pasmore actually reduced his range and condemned himself to a new kind of aesthetic imprisonment, since it transpired that he could never find anything in his mind except a handsome layout.

Television

Julian Barnes

Proper Questions

Edward Albee (BBC-2) came as a physical surprise to anyone with dust-wrapper memories of the author of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*. That brush-cut urban monk, steely-eyed and tight-jawed like a Vietnam POW, is now 51; he's grown his hair long, sports a straggly tache and a baggy tweed jacket, and looks like an ambitious Mexican short-order cook who doesn't have any work papers but dares you to challenge him about it. The eyes are the same, though – cool, watchful, proud; and they set the tone of address as he talked with concentrated precision about his own work and concentrated scorn about almost everything else. Implacable in defence of his art, and of art in general – 'We are the only animal who attempts metaphor; it is our distinguishing mark' – he was austerely dismissive of a range of sub-Parnassian activities: television, Broadway, American movies, drama criticism, and, most of all, premature and presumptuous scholarly theses on the work of Edward Albee.

He talked illuminatingly about the genesis of his work – 'I trust my unconscious a lot; it's far more intelligent and organised than the conscious part of my brain' – and of the affinities between a play and a piece of chamber music (he 'goes into training with music' before starting work). He also located the central, frustrating paradox of being his sort of serious writer in the West: that whereas in repressive societies there is an inevitable thirst for 'access to the metaphor', and the writers who slake it are consequently persecuted, in a free one, writers can waggle their metaphors as much as they like, and both audiences and the authorities don't want to know.

Beyond this, Peter Adam's film was disappointing. I'm sure it would be very hard getting out of Albee more than he wanted you to know; but even so, his questions were often hopelessly bland and general. Adam, it's not to be forgotten, is the man who succeeded against all known odds a couple of years ago in making Lawrence Durrell sound tedious; this time, he asked the sort of questions which were unlikely to make Albee revise his expressed opinions about the students of his output. 'You have always been interested in the visual arts – why is that?'; 'Do you mistrust attitudes?'; and 'Why are you so fascinated by the ambiguity of life's situations?' You might as well ask, as the three-year-old daughter of a philosopher acquaintance of mine once did, 'Why is it three o'clock?'; to which she justly received the rebuke of, 'That's not a proper question.'

Altogether more proper questions were

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raised by Andrew Carr's play *Instant Enlightenment Including VAT* (BBC-1) and Sue Jay's report on *The Moonies* (ATV), both of which considered the same moral area. How far do/can/should you allow people the freedom to screw up their own lives? Should they be dissuaded from giving up their time and money to disciplinarian self-enlightenment sects? Should the Sale of Goods Act apply to religions and quasi-religions? That last is, in a way, an idle question, since the state has for centuries been hand-in-glove with the official churches in the organised deception of large number of its citizens.

So it was interesting, in Ms Jay's scrupulously fair programme, to see the outgoing Archbishop of Canterbury (on the steps of his very nice palace, thank you) warning against the Unification Church. Atheists must have found it hard not to wonder if there wasn't more than a touch of envy in official religion's attitude to this johnny-come-lately creed; and whether the appeal of the Moonies isn't perhaps just that mixture of vigorously expressed love and vigorously expressed discipline which served the older churches so well in their own early days.

Carr's play was a vivid non-fiction intro to those encounter seminars where, in return for not letting you pee for hours on end, they generously permit you to give them lots of money. The organisation was called 'Abatar' (it sounded fittingly close to 'Abattoir') and was run with bullying energy by a plausibly vulpine American played by Simon Callow. Carr portrayed with minatory accuracy the organisation's rehearsed ploys; its brute logic to outwit doubters (if you've come here and forked out our huge fee of £180, you obviously think there's something wrong with you – we'll put it right); and that elasticated language which, like a pair of tights, can fit anybody. Nor, in conclusion did he shirk the uneasy idea that many (even most) of the seminarists gratefully believed at the end of three expensive days that they now understood their lives better.

The problem recurred in the *The Moonies*. For all the natural anguish of parents of 'lost' children, shouldn't we allow people of legal adulthood the right to improve their lives, if that's how they see it, even though we might think they were being self-destructive? Moonie communes – with rough sleeping, cold baths, fasting, controlled diet, sleep interrupted for prayer, no privacy and a seven-day week – may sound like concentration camps; but they also sound like monasteries. How, one tried to work out, does the Unification Church distinguish itself from 'real' religions? By the fact that it sues its critics? (but the Church of England does so by proxy, as *Gay News* found out). By its involvement in the manufacture of M16 rifles? (but the World Council of Churches funds guerrilla groups). By its ownership of 600 acres of Wiltshire? (but the official churches own quite a bit more). Only, perhaps, by its ambition: the Rev. Moon plans to control Britain, France, Germany, then Europe and the world; while the national churches have of necessity trimmed their temporal claims. So should we – while bailing out Moonie victims in the short term – worry in the long one about the Unification Church? Not, it seemed, after learning from Sue Jay's film that Moon very cunningly sought to befriend Nixon at the time of Watergate. Anyone who can do that must have the strategic nous of a lemming.

Theatre – 1

Benedict Nightingale

Rain-Stained

A Life by HUGH LEONARD *Old Vic*
The Risen People by JAMES PLUNKETT *ICA*
The Caucasian Chalk Circle by BRECHT *Warehouse*
Protest by VACLAV HAVEL *Olivier*
Appearances by SIMONE BENMUSSA *Mayfair*

'A sense of Ireland' sounds an untypically modest title for a festival, promising, as it seems to do, little more than a few glancing impressions: a whiff of Kerrygold here, a flash of shamrock there, a muffled explosion somewhere on the rain-stained horizon. But then, on the evidence of the theatrical junketings so far, it has something to be modest about. Leonard's latest borrows the character of an elderly civil servant from his *Da*, and proceeds to show him reassessing his prim, desiccated, misspent life from the brink of the grave to which his doctors have just sentenced him; and the word from the Emerald Isle was that it was as rewarding as the earlier play. It isn't. True, it boasts the quirky, fluting presence of Cyril Cusack, who though by no means my idea of a dry old stick, successfully riveted my attention through what sometimes seemed thin and thin. True, Leonard's warmth and humour often make themselves felt, notably when Cusack and his younger self, played by Garrett Keogh, are being piqued by the amiable clodhopper who gets the girl they both fancy. But the piece hasn't the emotional urgency, the strength of love and grief, that rescued his tale of fathers and sons from the commonplace.

This comes from the theatre that first discovered, then rejected Sean O'Casey, the Abbey; *The Risen People* is about an event in which he was militantly involved, the Irish lockout of 1913. The great man doesn't actually appear in James Plunkett's chronicle of those stirring times, but his artistic shadow is often to be seen, especially in those slum-life scenes that constitute the play's literal and figurative heart. Alas, the comparison is not kind to Mr Plunkett! His characterisation of angry men and troubled women is at best uneven, at worst desultory; and he doesn't compensate for his lapses by defining and debating the macropolitical issues, something O'Casey admittedly did not always attempt to do himself. What, precisely, were the differences between Big Jim Larkin and the more orthodox trades union leaders of the day? Why and how did the Irish Citizen Army – here reduced to a couple of proles flaunting a banner – emerge, and what did it achieve? The acting of Dublin's Project Arts Centre, too often hectic, strident and monotonous, does little to clarify things, though there are decent enough performances from Peter Caffrey and Virginia Cole. One would find more life, and a better argument, in most Kilburn pubs.

English actors have always found it hard to attain that blend of caricature and cool commitment and nonchalance that Brecht himself demanded; and the Royal Shakespeare Company, whose strength is psychological nuance and emotional complexity, whose forte is (so to speak) *pianissimo*, would seem even less suited than most to so ebullient an attempt to alienate and instruct as *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

Yet John Caird's production works pretty well, thanks to the vigorous if sometimes self-conscious simplicity it achieves in both its staging and its acting. The cast claps its hands and clicks its fingers to suggest the sound of fire; it taps on orange boxes to evoke thawing snow as it drips from a roof; and, helped only by a rope and its own flexed biceps, mottled faces and creaking throats, it manages to create palpable tension and danger as Grusha teeters across the mountain bridge with her stolen child. Grusha herself turns out to be a very dogged Jane Carr, looking and sounding like the girl behind the Woolworth counter; Azdak, the less-than-conventional judge, an Alun Armstrong so raucous and tattered that no sixpenny store would let him inside its doors.

The sum effect is disciplined, exact, yet casual enough to keep us half-believing that it's all been improvised, if not by communards in East Europe, at least by squatters in South London.

Protest is a samizdat play dealing, like several of Havel's others, with those trying to reconcile their consciences with their privileges in Husak's Czechoslovakia; and, since its author is presently incarcerated for the monstrous crime of refusing to make any such accommodation himself, it's nice to be able to report that it is a particularly successful one.

This time, the main character is a university nabob who manages to convince himself that to bring his liberalism into the open and sign a petition wanly profferred by one Vanek, a character representing Havel himself, would be to do the dissidents a disservice. His sophistry is obvious, yet his dilemma is real, and Havel treats his flounderings and writhings with surprising sympathy, down to the moment when he defensively denouces Vanek's 'feeling of moral superiority' and then presumes to attack him for having been loose-tongued under interrogation. At the same time, Vanek himself is presented neither boastfully nor fake-modestly, but as an apologetic, rather helpless sort, embarrassed by the embarrassment he causes others. This we feel in each case, is what an evil system has done to an essentially decent man. Michael Kustow's production, with Robin Bailey and John Normington warily circling each other, is excellent, and should certainly be seen when it returns for 'platform' performances at the National on March 5 and 6.

Why doesn't some enterprising producer transform this into part of a Havel double or triple-bill? There would surely be an audience for *Audience* and, indeed, for several of his other plays.

Better that than *Appearances*, by the author of *The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs* and, like that quaint tale of transvestism, concerned with problems of identity. The source is Henry James's *A Private Life*, about a public man who becomes invisible in private and a private man who dispatches his doppelganger to mix with the world; but the original story's fascination is largely dissipated by the sententious staging, which looks and sounds as if it's happening underwater.

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Theatre – 2

Paul Allen

Smell of Defeat

Roll On Four O'Clock by COLIN WELLAND *Wythenshawe Forum, Manchester*
Jubilee Too by STEPHEN JEFFREYS *Paine's Plough on tour*

In the row behind me at the Wythenshawe Forum, not so much a theatre as a Cultural Services Unit, was one of those theatre groupies who greet every minor gag with a cackle and are launched into a stratosphere of hysterical squealing by the introduction of such masterful literary effects as the use of the word 'bollocks'. I didn't think I was going to enjoy *Roll On Four O'Clock* very much. But two hours later I picked my way out of the sprawling modern estate in which, as a conspicuous act of faith, the Forum has been set, feeling not only entertained but in rare good heart. Sooner or later, I thought, humanity's actually going to win.

Colin Welland's play, amplified from a television version, deals with a string of events leading up to Christmas in the sort of Secondary Modern which élitists presumably want to see back. Chris Kinman's set gives us the staff room and the headmaster's study under those absurdly high arches that seem to be straining for the light shut out by the industrial skyline. Much of it is snapshot evidence of the way things were when Welland himself taught in such a school in the late Fifties, but gradually the story of one particular boy assumes prominence. Too 'different' for his own good, he is the obvious target of his peers and the victim of a teaching staff which is vicious, unconcerned, over-burdened, ignorant or – in a key instance – too conscious of its own vulnerability to intervene.

Eventually the boy, physically and emotionally battered by the Christmas party he has been forced to attend (yes, fun is compulsory too), steals a motorbike and runs it into a wall. It is a kind of tragedy. But the heartening effect is less to do with catharsis than with the reminder, from the newest teacher around, that you will meet reactionaries everywhere but that you must not let them get you down. Although the school smells of defeat, as of rising damp, it is largely a thing of the past; and to prove it, this production (by Welland himself) makes vigorous use of a set of galvanic performances from local schoolboys.

At all points the texture of single-sex school life is richly and faithfully reproduced. It opens with the headmaster examining his own buttocks for evidence of an injury sustained refereeing. It slides in no time at all to the gang of boys assaulting their victim sexually while protesting against his own sexuality. It includes a staffroom full of men escaping down the usual scatological tunnels from their conditions of work. More delicate ironies are almost obscured by the rough-and-tumble of the comic backchat: a master argues 'They can be difficult when it comes to enjoying themselves; a testing time, Christmas, for all of us' and nobody laughs.

The acting, by the older members of the Library Theatre Company, is less demonstrative but surprisingly weighty. There is a sharply, nervously witty performance from Russell Dixon as the most interesting of the teachers; and Glyn Owen and Jack Smethurst – as veteran teachers burdened by ignorance or disillusion – also give us the crucial, enduring decency of such men. But will the play work away from an environment in which its passion is so pertinent and its flaws, mainly a lack of subtle crafting, seem so irrelevant? That is to say in most other theatres? It would be a pity if no-one else could share the experience: it runs in Manchester until 1 March.

Jubilee Too, by Stephen Jeffreys, is about loss of nerve. The first person to show it is a mercenary back from Rhodesia with the shakes, and a score to settle. The first to admit it is a girl singer supposed to be the main attraction at a doomed wine bar opening in the Lake District. But the air is thick with parable: Mr Jeffreys is on about failure on a grander scale, and in the background is a whole nation (this is Jubilee year) trying to steady its hand with one for the road.

That frantic celebration seems a light year away now, and events in Southern Africa have moved on. This touring production (directed by John Edwards Adams for Paine's Plough) lacks the kind of mind-jabbing detail that would compensate. So does some of the writing, backing off real characterisation in favour of knowing talk. The screw-anything girl singer, for instance, is both too familiar and too unreal to work. But Mr Jeffreys can write plot grippingly, and in an eccentric Scots colonel, recruiting mercenaries for an England overseas because he believes in 'freckled ladies and drinks before dinner' but who lives on a cranky walnut diet to allow himself more alcohol he has written a winner excellently played by Robert McIntosh.

Films

John Coleman

Da Capo

Orchestra Rehearsal (AA) *Gate Two*
Rising Damp (A) *Classic, Haymarket*

Centuries ago it was an outcry, explains an elfin old copyist to the camera, as he weaves around the large auditorium, distributing orchestral parts on rows of music stands; three popes and seven bishops have their tombs at the back and then there were grand, aristocratic concerts; he maunders gleefully on, and we realise the camera belongs to an unseen TV unit, hoping to make a documentary about a rehearsal session. Gradually, the musicians filter in and we realise a couple more things: they have Fellini faces, verging on the grotesque, the ultra-expressive, in the case of the merry woman pianist the beautiful; and the interviewing voice belongs to Fellini himself. One or two protests are heard, put to their trade-union man – they should be paid extra for the filming. Individuals do their thing, eating sandwiches, squabbling over the disposition of chairs, reciting nightmares, listening to a football commentary on a transistor; a condom inflates from the bell of a trumpet; an eerie creature (*en travesti?*) does a batty standing somersault: they could be unruly kids as they chatter. *8½* is mentioned and a trombonist sings his instrument's praises to be joined by a couple of his fellows in a nostalgic, wafted refrain, an echo surely of some early Fellini triumph: *I Vitelloni?* The conductor (the story goes, an utterly unmusical Dutchman in real life) lets his superfine features quiver into rage, then suddenly has the whole, mad consort playing Nino Rota's marvellously vulgar score ever more frenziedly together. It's too good to last, the conductor deliberately shows his arse to the players, a 20-minute break is called.

Orchestra Rehearsal, itself a 70-minute feature made for TV, now goes downhill, becoming – for all Fellini's disclaimers – an ingenuous political allegory. During the hiatus the conductor is held in close-up, recalling times when musical groups formed 'one family'. On resumption, this group picks up a hint from ominous external rumblings, scrawls the walls with graffiti, breaks out in open, Buñuelian revolt. Part of a wall caves in; a harp stands untended in the haze of dust and a huge demolition ball hangs like a doom just outside. The conductor rallies his stunned crew, some of them weeping, he serene. 'The music saves us . . . Attention to the notes . . . Have no fear.' And the music indeed, as they settle and play, rises. But so does the conductor's carping voice, lifting to a steady scream as the screen goes blank, hectoring insanely, horrifyingly in German. An anguished pause: *'Signori, da capo'* – and in the dreadful dark, again the music. Somehow Fellini succeeds in this moment of shocking unease, but it is only a moment. Elsewhere, his *filmetto* has been irritatingly undermined by a schematic and unholy simplicity, and – yet worse, in the event – by large technical inadequacies. The faces may be summoning; the direly unsynchronised voices are not, last words trailing out of firmly shut lips. As for the realistic business of blowing, bowing, fingering – ladies and gentlemen, *da capo* and *da capo* again.

The odds against a popular TV comedy series making a satisfactory transference to the big screen and a trebling of its normal duration are high. That said, a grudging laugh or two were torn from your loyal servant by *Rising Damp*; after those, it was a case rather of rising choler. Leonard Rossiter, a very useful actor, is a master of both the leer smoothie and the leer servile. As sickening, down-at-heel Rigsby, miserly owner of a clapped-out North London rooming-house, lecher, coward and boaster with a soft spot for *Magic Roundabout* and an even softer one for his lodger, the delightful Frances de la Tour as angular, toothy Miss Jones, he is a born loser, liable to drink from the finger bowl when trying to impress in a restaurant. His other lodgers are the posh-toned black medical student Philip (Don Warrington), supposedly a chieftain's son with ten wives back home, and now nice, wet John (Christopher Strauli, no replacement – alas – for the late Richard Beckinsale), a would-be art school lad, who join forces to rag Rigsby rotten. Miss Jones has some tart lines in Eric Chappell's generally effortful script, but am I alone in finding the harping on her plainness – more evident over 90-odd minutes – distasteful? Denholm Elliott slides through as a fake old-Etonian conman, fawn-fodder for Rigsby.

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Weekend Competition

No 2604 **Set by Maud Gracechurch**

Another verse comp. This time an opportunity to purge the winter blues by writing a really gloomy, pessimistic version of one of those 'look on the bright side' songs, like 'Somewhere over the Rainbow', 'Keep right on to the end of the road'. Maximum 16 lines, by 29 February.

No 2601 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

We asked for composite Shakespearean speeches.

Report **By Ms de Meaner**

A definite feeling of *hard work* emanated from the comp folder this week. So, a couple of quid to Joyce Johnson for her percipience in addressing us on behalf of competitors 'sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad' over this 'most bloody piece of work'. Otherwise there was a clear emphasis on sex, the state of the nation, the ageing process and the relationships between them. Lots of depressing *sans everything* about. A difficult decision, but it ends with an *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* to Bill Greenwell for his knotty speech (and our thanks again to OUP); a Wellington and a couple of newtons apiece for the others.

Ardilangio: That you do love me, I am
nothing jealous;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
I crave no other, nor no better man.
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
He followed you. For love I followed him.
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Your brother and his lover have embraced.
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half:
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly –
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons.
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

BILL GREENWELL

England bounded in with the triumphant sea
is bound in shallows and in miseries.
A woman that is like a German clock
did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
we will so: almost all repent in their election.
Injurious Margaret!
She that in wisdom never was so frail
seems to cast water on the burning bear
and though she is but little she is fierce
and little blessed with the soft phrase of peace
she speaks yet she says nothing, what of that?
Words, words, mere words, nothing from the
heart
and in her heart she scorns our poverty.
If she be curst it is for policy
to wring the widow from her custom'd right:
my curses on her!

JONATHAN BATES

Come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry;
By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away tonight;
Give me some sack; and sweetheart lie thou
there,
I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
I would I had thy inches. Thou should'st know
An ill-favoured thing sir, but mine own,
Not half so big as a round little worm;
Would'st thou withdraw it? For
what purpose love?
O Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Eros! I come, my queen – Eros! Stay for me;
O wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful
wonderful!

HENRY HETHERINGTON

O, I have passed a miserable night,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Walk under his huge legs and peep about.
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;
There is no music in the nightingale,
Men shut their doors against a setting sun,
In a wall'd prison packs and sects of great ones
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun:
Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.

NAOMI MARKS

Tony Miles
Chess

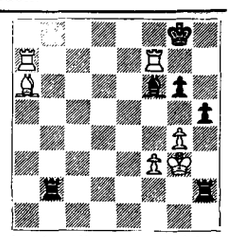
No 167 **Cutty Sark Grand Prix**

The 1979 Cutty Sark Grand Prix was rather less dramatic than in previous years. John Nunn opened up a medium-sized lead over the chasing field which was never closed. At the final event only a couple of people could overhaul him by scoring a highly unlikely 6/6. Not surprisingly no-one did and his final score of 186.5/9 was comfortably ahead of Murray Chandler 183.9 and Mark Hebden 180.1. The game below is one of Nunn's wins over a close rival.

White: J. D. M. Nunn **Black: M. L. Hebden**
1.P-K4,P-K4; 2.N-QB3, N-KB3; 3.P-B4, P-Q4; 4.PxKP, NxP; 5.P-Q3, NxN; 6.PxN, P-Q5. I prefer the more solid B-K2 followed by 0-0 and P-KB3. **7.N-B3, N-B3; 8.B-K2,** more promising than the older move 8.PxP. **8. . .B-QB4; 9.0-0, PxP dis ch; 10.K-R1, 0-0; 11.Q-K1, N-Q5; 12.B-Q1, NxN; 13.BxN, B-K3; 14.Q-N3.** 14.BxP!? but White prefers to attack. **14. . .K-R1; 15.B-K4, B-Q4?** Correct is 15. . .B-K2 when White has nothing clear. **16.B-N5** gaining a vital tempo, for if now P-KB3? 17.PxP, PxP; 18.BxB and Black cannot answer PxB because of 19.Q-K5ch. **16. . .Q-Q2; 17.BxP! KxB; 18.B-B6!** So that if 18. . .PxB; 19.R-B4, B-K6; 20.R-R4ch, B-R3; 21.Q-B4, BxPch; 22.K-N1! forces mate. **18. . .P-KN4; 19.QxP, BxPch; 20.QxB** (not KxB? R-KN1), **R-KN1; 21.Q-K4ch, resigns.**

The September problems were an easy set and caused few difficulties and no particularly interesting analysis. Prizes: Messrs Bradley, Deshmukh, Garfath, Kastanas, Sahasrabudhe, Southgate and Taylor £6 each and Messrs Sobey, Ghate, Chand and Anantha Swamy £2 each.

Problem 167



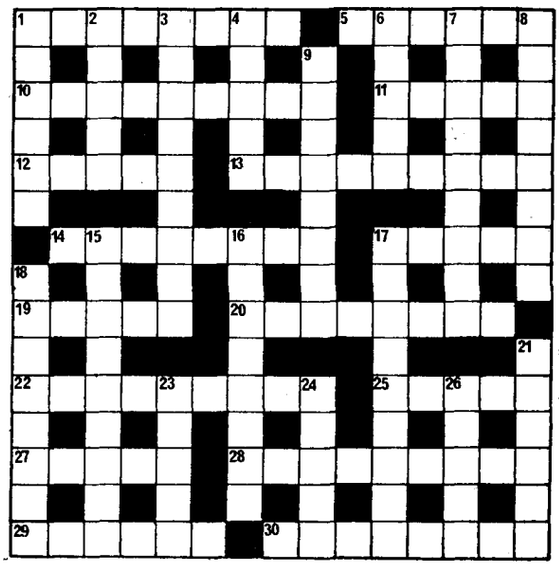
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 27 February.

Solution to problem 165

I omitted to mention that in the diagram position the black king has already moved and thus castling is illegal. If anyone wishes to amend their solution in the light of this information please do so quickly. The solution will appear next week.

Weekend Crossword 1333

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1333, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 26 February.



ACROSS

1 Man left quietly to fact spouse (8)
5 Masseur needed for a lot of games (6)
10 Butterfly whose edges match (9)
11 Go on foot and catch about a thousand (5)
12 All circles have tham but the wireless had nothing for one (5)
13 Badly cheat as in the German league (9)
14 Finished in prison, it is in the press (8)
17 Animal – The footballer is the heartless one! (5)
19 Country in which I correspond without starting Latin! (5)
20 Battlefield means nought to a composer (8)
22 Sticklers for rules keep a roll among members (9)
25 Fire and decapitate one (5)
27 Animal spends a penny among the flowers (5)
28 Conductor provided when the special people took a journey (9)
29 Weapon which makes an artist more religious? (6)
30 Shrank back and escaped outside the island (8)

DOWN

1 Somewhere to get a drink in a very warm town (6)
2 Australian batsman who should be at home at Lords? (5)
3 A service given before four in front of the cathedral in a big way (9)
4 Time to be caught in rising confidence (5)
6 Relative without capital to release (5)
7 Means of transport which turns into Rabat (9)
8 To strike over a town is sheer greed (8)
9 Need I err when turning into an animal? (8)
15 The seed of a composition for pipe and organ (9)
16 Waylays a woman entering the early coach (8)
17 Not a good place for making money on horses? (9)
18 Pressure unit in the factory I don't allow (8)
21 Kill and so get to the top (6)
23 'The unimaginable — for solitary thinkings' (Keats) (5).
24 Give a woman two pounds for an empty case (5)
26 Batsman has to get out with an impatient expression (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No. 1331

S	H	A	M	R	O	C	K	S		P	A	R	E	D
T		B		A		H		A		A		A		I
O	C	A	R	I	N	A		P	A	R	T	I	E	S
I		S		S		P		S		M		M		P
C	A	I	T	I	F	F	S		C	E	R	E	A	L
		N		N		A		B		S		N		A
E	R	G	O		P	L	E	A	S	A	N	T	R	Y
M				S		L		L		N				E
B	L	O	C	K	H	E	A	D	S		H	A	N	D
R		P		I		N		E		E		N		
A	C	H	I	N	G		P	R	O	S	P	E	R	O
C		E		D		O		D		K		M		C
I	L	L	N	E	S	S		A	D	I	P	O	S	E
N		I		E		S		S		M		N		A
G	R	A	S	P		A	S	H	M	O	L	E	A	N

Prizewinners to No 1331

Ashley Jones (Teddington)
Arnaldo Tazartes (Milan)
M. Knight (London W9)

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Further details from, or written applications, to:

The General Secretary,
Electrical Power Engineers' Association,
Station House, Fox Lane North,
Chertsey, Surrey KT16 9HW.

Applications should be sent to the General Secretary by 8 April 1980.

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required by CIIR to administer its existing volunteer programme and evaluate small-scale community development projects, mainly in the area of primary health care and health education. Previous middle-eastern experience and/or experience in this field in third world or United Kingdom an advantage. Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis welcome to apply.

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Further particulars from **the Headmaster, Atlantic College, Llantwit Major, S. Glamorgan.** Closing date **1 March 1980.**

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There is a vacancy in the Press Department of the Socialist Group, at the European Parliament, for a Press Officer. The Press Department at present has a staff of 2 Press Officers for Press and Public Relations, and for the preparation of all publications of the Socialist Group. It is based in Brussels, but travel is involved.

Applicants must be of British nationality, with a University Degree and/or equivalent professional experience. Applicants should be Members of the Labour Party. Knowledge of French is essential and knowledge of German or another official Community language (Danish, Dutch, Italian) would be an additional advantage. The appointment will be made to Grade A7 or A6 in accordance with the EEC Staff Regulations. The successful candidate will have special responsibility for the English speaking media.

Applications should be submitted by **3 March** to: **Dr Manfred Michel, Secretary-General, Socialist Group, European Parliament, P.O. Box 1601, Plateau du Kirchberg, Luxembourg,** from whom further information can be obtained.

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

requires

RESEARCHER

For six weeks to work with UNA's Youth Section on a pamphlet to be published jointly with the UN on Youth and Student Movements in Southern Africa.

Contact Julian Eccles at UNA, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2EL or on 01-930 2931/2 for details.

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UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

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Two researchers are required to carry out a project, financed by the Leverhulme Trust, on the determinants of effective participation in Health and Safety Committees. The project will last for 21 months and will be directed by Mr T. Schuller, Research Director of the Centre, and Dr. P. Beaumont, Lecturer in Industrial Relations.

The senior researcher will be responsible for developing the methodological framework of the research and for its organisation and implementation. (S)he will be expected to have solid experience of research in industrial relations and a sound knowledge of the issues surrounding industrial democracy. The junior researcher will be expected to have a basic training in sociology, economics or a related field, and be well acquainted with the industrial relations system. Experience in industry and statistical ability would be advantages in both cases.

The salaries would be within the range £5,725-£7,073 (Range 1A, research and analogous staff) for the senior appointment and £4,402-£5,389 (Range 1B) for the junior. The starting date is preferably June, but negotiable.

Applications to: T. Schuller, Centre for Research in Industrial Democracy and Participation, Adam Smith Building, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8RT.

Closing date: 7 March 1980.

In reply please quote Ref. No. 4593.

JOINT WORKING GROUP FOR REFUGEES from Latin America seeks experienced Spanish/English-speaking psychiatrist with knowledge of the social and psychological problems of Latin American refugees in exile. Salary £4,470. Send CV and two referees to 266 Pentonville Rd, London N1.

Awards

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Further details can be obtained from The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX. Quote Ref: RV/921/NS.

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The college is offering three Senior Scholarships, open to women and men, tenable from 1 October 1980 for up to three years. Two of the Scholarships are open, one carrying a preference for those graduating from elsewhere than Oxford, and one is confined to current members of the College. In awarding one of the open Scholarships, preference will be given to those not graduating until the summer of 1980. Members of other Oxford colleges are not eligible. The maximum value of the Scholarships will be £150 a year, with limited dining rights at High Table. A Scholar may be required to do a limited amount of paid teaching for the college.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the **Secretary to the Tutor for Graduates**, to whom application should be made before **14 March**.

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Thursday 28 February
7 p.m.
Central Hall, Westminster

EIGHTH RITA HINDEN MEMORIAL LECTURE:

'TAMING LEVIATHAN: SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND DECENTRALISATION'
DAVID MARQUAND

Sat. 23 February,
2.45 for 3 p.m. Library Hall, Holborn Library, Theobalds Rd, WC1.

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THEOSOPHY IN INDIA
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The Theosophical Society in England
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Tel: 01-935 9261
All welcome. Refreshments before and after lectures.

The Islamic Revolution in Iran

FIRST ANNIVERSARY SEMINAR on
Saturday 1 March 1980,
11 a.m. at
London Business School, Sussex Place, London NW1
More details from:
The Muslim Institute, 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DS

WORLD DISARMAMENT CAMPAIGN

Initial meeting **Tuesday, 26 February, 7.30 p.m., Grand Committee Room, House of Commons.** Chair: **Frank Allaun, MP.** Speakers: **Lord Brockway, Rt Hon. Lord Noel-Baker, Judith Hart, MP, Robin Cook, MP, Mike Goodman, NUS. World Disarmament or World Death.**

GRESHAM LECTURES IN RHETORIC

THREE UNUSUAL RADICALS
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3 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1 at 1 p.m. 15, 22, and 29 February.

ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Literary Readings will be given by John Montague and entitled 'Come Dance With Me in Ireland' at the University of London, Chancellor's Hall, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1 at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday 19 February 1980. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures. 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 19 Feb. 'Turner in 1802: II. The Greatness of Art' by Professor Lawrence Gowing; 21 Feb. 'Le Train en Marche' (The Train Rolls On). Film directed by Chris Marker, France 1971.

ROY HATTERSLEY on 'The Labour Party and the Cuts' at 1 p.m. Sunday 2 March. The Pindar of Wakefield (Pub), 328 Gray's Inn Road, WC1. 30p. All welcome.

'THE REFUGEE EXPERIENCE'. Residential Conference, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, 22-24 February 1980, co-sponsored by the Royal Anthropological Institute and Minority Rights Group. A review of world refugee problems with special emphasis on understanding refugees' actual experience. Inclusive charge £21.50 (£15.20 students). Apply Cumberland Lodge, The Great Park, Windsor (tel. Egham 32316), enquiries to the Royal Anthropological Institute (01-486 6832).

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RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

THE DEBATE OF THE DECADE
6 SPEAKERS: Tony Benn, Paul Foot, Tariq Ali, Stuart Holland, Hilary Wainright, Audrey Wise.
THE CRISIS AND FUTURE OF THE LEFT
7 p.m. Central Hall, Westminster, Monday 17 March. Tickets £1 available in advance by post from **Labour Coordinating Committee, 9 Poland Street, London W1.**

ENERGY POLICY. Two-day conference. 'The World Economy' 22 February. Speakers: David Blake, Vincent Cable, Louis Turner, Donald Roy, John Goode, David Owen. £5 (£8 non-members). 'The UK Economy' 23 February. Speakers: Homa Motamen, Paul Ormerod, David Blake, John Surrey, Naomi McIntosh, Robin Grove-White, Steve Bundred. £2 (£3 non-members). Venue: 24 Tufton Street, SW1. Contact Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01-222 8877.

NEIL KINNOCK, Labour's Shadow Education Minister, speaks on 'The Cuts' and the Tory Education Bill. Bishop Douglas School, Hamilton Road, N2. Thursday, 21 February, at 8 p.m. Also folk singer Leon Rosselson.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 15 Feb. 7.30 Irish Populism and The 20th Century State. Tkts 80p; 16 Feb. 10.30-4.30 British Cinema and Ireland. Tkts. £1.50; 17 Feb. 5.00 Critical Issues in Contemporary Irish Art; 20 Feb. 7.30 The Post-World War II Social Democratic Settlement in Ireland. 80p. 930 3647.

IMMIGRATION POLICY, a question for conscience. A public lecture by Michael Dummet, FBA, Wykeham Professor of Logic Oxford University, at Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Ashley Place, London SW1, on Monday 18 February 1980 at 8 p.m. Sponsored by The Catholic Commission for Racial Justice, Church Hall, 1 Amwell Street, London EC1. Tel. 01-278 5880.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Brian Abel-Smith on 'The Hospital Service and the NHS' at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, Wed. 20 Feb., 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

BEYOND THE FRAGMENTS. Discuss Women's Liberation and the Left with Sheila Rowbotham and Sarah Benton. Centerprise, 136 Kingsland High St, London E8. Wed. 20 Feb. 8 p.m. Organised by the Communist Party.

YOUNG FABIANS. John Tilley MP will speak on 'The Co-operative Movement and The Labour Party', at LSE, Houghton St, WC2, Tues. 19 Feb., at 7.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sun. 17 Feb. 8 p.m. 'Sleep and Dreams'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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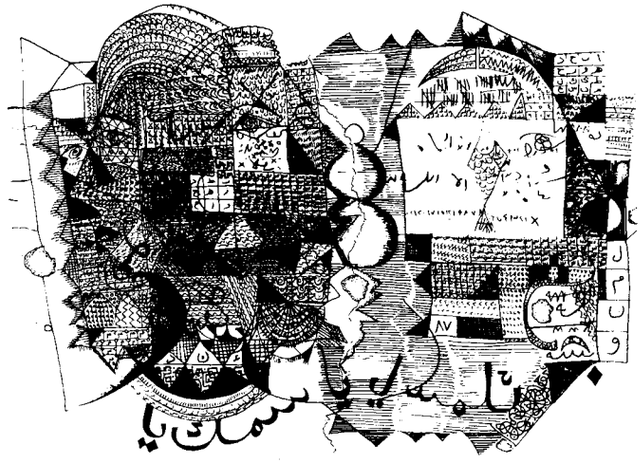

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20 February — 14March

Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. 'The Greeks'. Ten Greek plays given as a trilogy. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Barrie Keeffe's 'Bastard Angel' (not suitable for children), Brecht's 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' and at Piccadilly Theatre in Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Nimrod Theatre of Australia presents 'The Club' by David Williamson, dir. John Bell. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30 Must end 23 Feb.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'Amadeus', 'As You Like It', 'Death of a Salesman', 'Thee & Me', last perfs 'Hughie'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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